

AN JUDY GARLAND LOVE AGAIN?

july 15c

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modern screen

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★ Jeanne Crain
and ★ Michael

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There's magic in a lovely skin! The magic of love and romance! And your skin can be softer and smoother with your *first cake* of Camay!

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READ ABOUT THIS LOVELY BRIDE!

Cathie's childhood dreaming place was High Point, on the Appalachian Trail near her home. The first day she and Carlo climbed up there, her most wonderful dream came true. He proposed!



MRS. CARLO ADAMS
a beautiful Camay Bride of Monroe, New York
portrait painted by J. Adams

Married a month—Carlo remembered that "first anniversary" with a red rose! And Cathie can't forget what nice things Camay has done for her. She's on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!



Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Lorna Lynn shows how it can work for you, too



"Wh-e-e-e!" Cute-as-a-button Lorna Lynn, 16-year-old New York fashion model, finds the roller-coaster at Palisades Amusement Park as thrilling as her own lightning climb to success. And her dates find Lorna's Ipana smile plenty thrilling, too!

Like so many successful junior models, Lorna knows how much a dazzling smile depends on firm, healthy gums. "I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," she says, "*because dentists say it works!*" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too...



Lorna shows the Ipana way is easy as 1, 2:

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2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

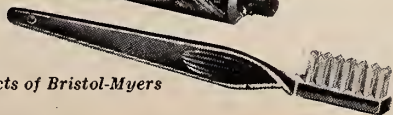
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Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



Products of Bristol-Myers



*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

JULY, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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RED SKELTON

RICARDO MONTALBAN

BETTY GARRETT

KEENAN WYNN

XAVIER CUGAT

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

SONG HITS! COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

including:
"Baby, It's Cold Outside"
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Available on
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Songs! from sweet and-hot songstress Betty Garrett!



Laughter! with the carrot-topped King of Comedy, Red Skelton!



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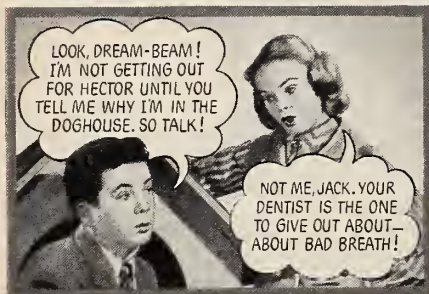


Rhythm! by Xavier Cugat and his exciting orchestra!



Spectacle! M-G-Mermaids in breath-taking water-revels! All this—and Keenan Wynn's clowning, too!

Sorry, Pal! You're Dispossessed!



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Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date

ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES



EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL belts across the mouth, no one ever tries to stop us when we feel like talking. Once in a while we say something good and a pal writes it down for the Reader's Digest. The Digest always looks the other way. Anyway, we're making a collection of our own bright comments and someday we hope someone will be smart enough to print them. Despite our mastery of the *mot juste* or the squelch, as it is familiarly known, there is one person in Hollywood who has us beat. She has only to part her lips and out slips a pearl. We humbly bow before Barbara Stanwyck—the Queen in "The Queen Says 'Nuts!'" on page 46 of this issue. . . .

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN a little jealous of Clark Gable—and our best friend often tells us we should be. Sometimes we think that if we could only get a little more of that California sunshine things would be different . . . But even with a sunburn, would we catch a glance from Ann Sheridan or Nancy Davis? We doubt it. Would *any* girl chase us if we didn't snatch her pocketbook first? We doubt that, too. So we've put our mustache back on the shelf and we're not as sorry as we might have been, because C. G. has his troubles now. (We could use troubles like his!) The question on page 52 is: "Which Girl Has The Gable?" Line forms on the right. . . .

ONCE IN A while we lock up our typewriter, put our feet in a bottom drawer, and dream. We're often carried away. The day we felt like Hamlet was hard on everyone—especially Ophelia who was reading proofs in a corner of the office. We were pretty shocked when Hedda Hopper said she knew a few more like us. Seems the woods are full of split personalities. To prove it, Hedda dished up a tasty morsel called, "Myths Stars Believe About Themselves." It's on page 34. . . .

SOME MONTHS AGO, Bob Stack shot a bullet into the air and a brace of pheasants promptly dropped at his feet. Bob thought a small dinner party would be in order, and proceeded to pluck the birds. By the time his guest list was completed, though, the pheasants had gone back into a deep freeze, a caterer had opened his kit in the kitchen and the party had turned into a costume brawl. Reba and Bonnie Churchill (our own) got rigged up in style and went on along. Their report on the riotous affair, "Footloose and Fancy Dress," starts on page 48. . . .

A PERSON MIGHT think we'd run out of story ideas after a while. But, person, we never do. In fact, we are loaded. If you've ever thought of being a babysitter (or if you already have a degree) we're sure you'll be interested in our baby-sitting experiences at Betty Hutton's house. (No, we didn't sit with Betty.) You can read all the details in next month's issue. We also expect to surprise and delight you with hand-written tales about Doris Day, Dan Dailey, Bob Stack and many others of your favorites. Dick Powell, by the way, will have his say on the rumors concerning him and June Allyson. But hold on—the August issue's not on sale till July 8th. . . .

*If you thought
'THE PALEFACE' was funny...
Wait 'til you see this* **HONEY!**



Paramount presents

BOB HOPE
LUCILLE BALL

in Damon Runyon's
**"Sorrowful
JONES"**

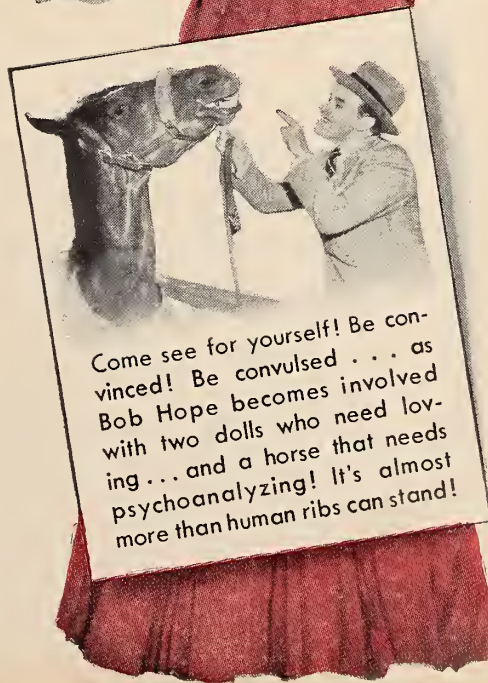
with
Wm. Demarest • Bruce Cabot • Thomas Gomez
and introducing

MARY JANE SAUNDERS

Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH • Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screenplay by Melville Shavelson, Edmund Hartmann and Jack Rose • Adapted from a Story
by Damon Runyon and a Screenplay by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman



Come see for yourself! Be convinced! Be convulsed . . . as Bob Hope becomes involved with two dolls who need loving . . . and a horse that needs psychoanalyzing! It's almost more than human ribs can stand!



Liz Taylor and Glenn Davis on one of their lost dates before they broke up.

Special: What happened to Elizabeth Taylor's romance?

■ Elizabeth Taylor's broken engagement to football hero Glenn Davis is a big surprise to everybody but—Elizabeth Taylor!

When she came over to my house and I asked her point blank, "What in the wide world happened between you two kids?" she opened her eyes wide and said, "Oh, there was never really an engagement between us—we were good friends, and we still are."

Oh, come now, Elizabeth!

Before she went to England, and later to Florida, she was the most-in-love teen-age girl I have ever seen. She swore she would wait for her West Pointer to come back from a military assignment in Korea if it took the rest of her life. In fact, things were so torrid that her parents and her studio had to get her to promise that she would not get married until she was 18.

Now Glenn is as lonely as that little gold football charm Elizabeth loved so much when he gave it to her—and which she has put "among her souvenirs."

If you ask me—and even if you don't—I have my own private idea of what might have happened to Lizzie's young heart. And I don't mean the story that she fell more deeply in love with William Pauley, Jr., whom she met in Florida.

Sure, she and the young socialite are dating. But she is also seeing Tommy Breen, whose father is Mr. Censor of the Johnston Office, and Jerome Courtland and Lawrence Sheerin are other smitten beaux.

But I hear different about who the real gent is.

If my inside tipster is right, Elizabeth has done what many young girls do: she has become very infatuated with an older, much more sophisticated man. She met him in the East. That he looks upon her as just a lovely girl, little more than a child, makes no difference to the way he makes her heart go pitty-pat.

In fact, I hear the gentleman is a little worried because of the obvious "crush" the beautiful young girl has developed for him.

It isn't serious with him—and it won't last long with her, you can be sure. When I was exactly her age, I fell madly in love with a middle-aged doctor in my home town and lived and breathed (or didn't breathe) according to the smiles he bestowed upon me.

Falling in love with a Sophisticate and a Man Of The World is part of the business of growing up. Come on, reader, confess—hasn't it ever happened to you?

■ One thing Bob Mitchum must be very careful about since his trouble is not to be too sensitive.

The other night at the Beachcombers café he was very upset because he thought his old friend, Frank Sinatra, had not spoken to him. I heard Bob mutter, "I guess I'm not worth speaking to now."

Well, I was sitting at the same table with Frankie and I know he did not see Bob nor know that Bob was trying to speak to him. Both Frankie and I were sitting with our backs to Mitchum and as Frankie left very soon after dinner, he didn't know Bob was in the place.

Mitchum is being such a good boy now and conducting himself so well, he must not make himself unhappy through purely imaginary slights.

* * *

Most conspicuous new twosome at the Friars' Frolic—at which \$300,000 was raised by the biggest stars in Hollywood for Hollywood's own charity, the Motion Picture Country Home—was Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy.

Brian has been a lone wolf, romantically speaking, ever since he and his blonde wife, Marjorie, broke up so sensationally last year. Taking Audrey to the Frolic might not have meant so much if he hadn't shown up the



James Stewart, Wolter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray and Von Johnson cheerfully go through paces as chorus boys at annual Friars' Frolic.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

very next night with her at the Seacombers, romantic café down by the sad sea waves in Santa Monica.

Audrey is a gal who gets herself engaged and disengaged more times than anyone else in Hollywood—so we will just have to wait to see what we shall see with this combination.

* * *

How far out of their way can certain writers go to pick on an actor? Several Hollywood scribes reported that Jimmy Stewart tried to "steal" the show at the Friars' Frolic when he fell to his knees during his dance routine with Fred MacMurray, Robert Taylor, Van Johnson, Ray Milland, Walter Pidgeon, George Murphy and Peter Lawford.

It was really a cute number to watch as these top-flight lovers played and danced a chorus number in top hats and tails while Gene Kelly, all dolled up like a girl, flirted with them.

What happened to Jimmy was this: He missed a step, got out of line, and started walking on his knees out of sheer exasperation with himself.

You'll never make me believe those other swell guys were miffed—as reported.

* * *

The Argentine polo team and the American, took over Hollywood, socially speaking. There

were so many dinner dances and cocktail parties that most of us had to take a rest cure after Mary and Laddie Sanford left town.

Mary used to be Mary Duncan, star of the silent screen, and she has many pals in Hollywood. Marion Davies loaned the Sanfords her beautiful home for their elaborate cocktail party—and at least 300 guests must have come to meet the polo-playing gentlemen of both teams.

Cutest couple on hand were Jane Powell and her fiancé, Geary Steffen, who are so in love they don't know whether they are meeting polo players or Hottentots. They shake hands with other people but they have eyes just for each other.

Janie wore a lovely cocktail dress of gray with a modest Peter Pan collar but with a daring little slit in the skirt. With her pretty legs, why not?

Another delightful party for the Polo-ers was hosted by the Mike Romanoffs. Gloria, Mike's pretty bride, was a delightful hostess who saw to it that everyone had a good time.

Just so there would be no wallflowers, each man drew a slip of paper to find out who his partner would be for the following dance. Ronald Colman kept drawing his wife's name—which looked like a put-up job to me, they

were plainly so delighted to get each other.

(Speaking of Ronnie as a dancer—he is the most ardent Square Dancer in town. Works at it as though it were an Academy Award-winning role and gets a bit miffed when someone makes a mistake!)

Still another funny angle about this name-drawing business was that not once during the evening did Jimmy Stewart get Gloria Hatrick McLean, the lady he "brung"! Instead, Jimmy had to keep watching out of the corner of his eye while his girl danced with Peter Lawford—the competition.

If Jimmy doesn't make up his mind soon about giving up his bachelorhood, there are bets around that Pete will walk off with the very attractive Gloria.

* * *

Tattle Tales: Peter Lawford is plenty burned over those stories that he is tight with his money and is a slow man with a dollar. Well, Pete, one way to beat it is to toss a little lettuce around—throw a party or something. . . . Paris stylists report that Rita Hayworth is planning the shortest of short hair cuts. If this is true, you can bet she is not planning to make a movie soon. Rita once told me that short hair is not glamorous on the screen and that she would keep her shoulder-length bob as long as she was an actress. . . . I wish someone would tell Lew



Producer Horry Brown casts a slightly apprehensive eye at the dynamic blonde—wha happens to be the Belle of the Fralic, Gene Kelly.



It was a fine night for getting autographs. Here Greg and Greta Peck give theirs. Benefit roised over \$300,000 for the Country Home.



That's na mod hotter, that's Frank Sinatra waiting to go an with Van Johnson. Stars gave time and talent to make the Fralic a success.

**Brush up
and light up
your smile**



USE THE BRUSH WITH

**Real
Nylon
Bristles**



Ted, Lindsay and Betty Huttan Briskin watch little Candy's reaction to her first birthday cake.



Clawn Abe Goldstein entertains Guy Madison and Gail Russell at the Clyde Beatty Circus.



Calleen Townsend, with Lau Evans, gives an autograph outside the Fox Inglewood Theatre.

Ayres that it is not up to the man to deny romance stories. Lew's persistent insistence, "I am not planning to marry Jane Wyman" is bad manners—and it is nice that Janie is such an understanding girl where he is concerned, for otherwise she would have the right to be angry. . . . Well, get this! George Sanders says: "A woman with a perfect disposition would bore me to death. It is much more interesting when you open a door, not to know whether you will be greeted by a kiss or a vase." Interesting, maybe—but hard on the nerves! . . . The girl who has been going around impersonating Arlene Dahl must be the most conceited person in the world. If she were as beautiful as Arlene, she would not have to impersonate anyone. . . . Shirley Temple refused to tell how much money she came into on her 21st birthday, but it is estimated at close to \$9,000,000. She instructed her lawyer not to disclose the exact amount and it did not have to be published because she is not taking over the management of her fortune. "My father is a banker and understands money," Shirley explained, "so he will continue to manage my finances."

I never thought the day would come when Franchot Tone would be the one not to make up with Jean Wallace. He has been so madly in love with her for years and took a lot of bossing around.

There was a time when she would upbraid him in public and he'd do nothing but sit there and take it. But that is all over.

When Franchot said "Goodbye" this last time, he meant it. Even after Jean followed him to Paris, hoping that he would forgive and forget just one more time, he didn't change his heart.

Somewhere in all this there is a lesson for wives and girl friends who make a habit of leading men around by the nose, always sure that they will be forgiven.

* * *

Dick Haymes' divorce from Joanne Dru is coming high—\$5,000 a month alimony. Dick has not worked in pictures for a long time and it takes a lot of radio engagements and records sold to add up to that much money. But Joanne is adamant in her demands that he pay.

Meanwhile, I don't know whether his girl friend, Nora Eddington Flynn, will be divorced

"Whatever it is, there is nothing
you can't tell the woman you love!"

DAY
AFTER
DAY
YOU'LL
KEEP
REMEMBERING
EVERY
STIRRING
MOMENT
OF THIS
HEART-GRIPPING
ROMANCE
FROM
WARNER BROS.

A sister shamed,
and a doctor who
breaks a confidence
to keep from breaking
a woman's heart.

"NIGHT UNTO NIGHT"

"Nothing timid
about the
author or
producers
of this one!"
DOROTHY
KILGALLEN
Famed Columnist

STARRING

RONALD REAGAN · VIVECA LINDFORS



DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL PRODUCED BY OWEN CRUMP SCREEN PLAY BY KATHRYN SCOLA • FROM THE NOVEL BY PHILIP WYLIE • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN



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Tailored to Please Just You!

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6 nights at famous Grand Hotel and all meals (17); facilities for all sports, gay dining and dancing.

18-DAY ALASKA TOUR \$194⁹²

Transportation Edmonton to Fairbanks over Alcan Highway, 17 nights accommodations; scenic side trips.

4-DAY LOS ANGELES TOUR \$14⁰⁰

3 nights hotel accommodations with sightseeing in Hollywood, Pasadena, Beverly Hills and Beach Area.

2½-Day Yellowstone Park Tour, \$44.75 □. 4-Day Smoky Mountains, \$19.50 □. 8-Day New England Circle, \$54.55 □. 7-Day Canadian Rockies, \$56.60 □. 4-Day Wisconsin Dells, \$13.95 □. 2-Day Roanoke Island-Lost Colony, \$21.05 (includes meals) □. 3-Day Chicago, \$11.95 □. 4-Day Seattle-Victoria, \$20.50 □. 3-Day Colorado Springs, \$15.20 □. 4-Day San Francisco, \$14.80 □. 7-Day Northern Lakes, \$35.75 □.

(Add round-trip Greyhound fare from your city.) Prices are for double room accommodations, and subject to change without notice.



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Fill in this coupon and mail to Greyhound Highway Tours, Dept. DM 79, 105 West Madison, Chicago 2, Ill. Be sure to put check-mark opposite tour which interests you.

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City & State _____ DM79



Cory Grant, recovered from yellow jaundice, returns from England to be met at the boat by Betsy Droke. She still insists they're just friends.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

by the time this is in print or not. She keeps postponing her trip to Las Vegas for two reasons. (1) She does not want to leave Dick while he is having so many headaches getting his own divorce settled. (2) She hates to leave her children, and Errol won't let her take little Rory with her.

* * *

Sometimes I feel like scolding Shelley Winters, but she really has a good eye for publicity.

When she was asked if she and Farley Granger were in love, instead of pulling the old "we-are-just-good-friends" gag, she said, archly: "We're good friends in a romantic sort of way."

Incidentally, she waited to make this announcement until Patricia Neal, the chief competition for Farley, was back in town from London.

* * *

Betty Grable is the only star I know who eats her cake and keeps her figure, too. But it takes a bit of doing.

Between pictures Betty "eats like a horse" (the quotes are hers) and puts on between 10 and 12 pounds above her correct screen weight, which is 115. Then, four or five weeks before she goes back to work, she goes on a dieting and exercising spree and lives like a hermit so she won't be tempted to eat.

"It just isn't possible for me to starve myself all the time to keep my figure," Betty told me. "I keep remembering when I was a chorus girl and didn't have enough money to buy a good meal. What's the sense of having the money—and a wonderful cook—and then not being able to eat those wonderful pies and cakes and gooey things I love? No, sir, I had rather do it the hard way—eat what I want between movies and then suffer to take it off!"



Joon Crawford brings Christopher and Christine to the Capitol Records' circus party for stars' children. Between them is Joannie Fink.



Roy Rogers and Dole Evans help Trigger get immortalized by having his footprints placed in the cement at Grouman's Chinese Theatre.

Are you in the know?



Which should be your hairdo guide?

- ☐ Your own type
- ☐ Your favorite actress
- ☐ What your crowd's wearing

When groping for a new hairdo, maybe you'd follow the fad-mad crowd—or hitch your noggin to your favorite star. Think twice! According to a famous Paris stylist, your hairdo should suit your own type. *Your* kind of face . . . *your* kind of personality! Different girls have different needs in sanitary protection, too. That's why Kotex offers you 3 absorbencies to choose from. Which one is practically tailor-made for *you*? Try Regular, Junior, Super—and see!



In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- ☐ Freeze strangers
- ☐ Make new friends
- ☐ Bring a book

Traveling alone? Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging polite, impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, *read* while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you *extra* protection . . . has an exclusive *safety center* that guards you, at home and "abroad"!



If you didn't hear the name clearly —

- ☐ Soy so
- ☐ Let it pass
- ☐ Repeat it anyway

See what happens when a friend *mumbles* introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, *say* so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schnicklefritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet *any* situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, *flat pressed ends* don't cause revealing outlines. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!



When you're a house-guest, should you —

- ☐ Follow your whims
- ☐ Fit into the plans
- ☐ Forget about clock-watching

To be a really *welcome* guest, consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—*go*, and have fun. Even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And throughout your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't be late for meals or curfew. What-

ever the plans, you can be *comfortable* regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you *downy softness* that *holds its shape*. You're always so at ease with Kotex!



*More women choose KOTEX[★]
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



**Quest
Deodorant
Powder**

Ask for it by name

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes *all* its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!



Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! *Nothing* like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!



Enriched with Lanolin



Shirley Temple and John Agar celebrate her 21st birthday on location for *Always Sweethearts*. The cake was from the cast and crew.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Jane Wyman is making *The Octopus* and *Miss Smith* for Michael Curtiz, the gentleman from Hungary who can tie up the Queen's English in a way that makes Sam Goldwyn look like an amateur.

The other day, Mike was telling the Warner Brothers fashion designer, Milo Anderson, just how he wanted Jane dressed for a certain scene.

"She must be very sophisticated and chic," explained Mr. Curtiz. "She should look like a Happy Carnegie model!"

Keep your eye on Ruth Roman, the girl who plays the wife in *Champion*. She's headed for stardom or I miss my guess. The impressive thing about her is that she is smart enough to retain her own personality and not try to imitate some other top-notcher.

In private life, Ruth lives in a professional boarding house where she pays \$125 a month for a big sunny room, three home-cooked meals a day and a maid to keep her room and press her clothes. Even her new Warner Brothers contract, which runs into hundreds weekly, hasn't inspired her to move to swankier quarters. "And spend a lot of money? Phooey to that!" says Ruth.

She tries to help other girls, living in the boarding house, who have not been as lucky as she.

And she abides by all the house rules—home from dates by 12:30 at night, no borrowing clothes or cosmetics from other girls, and all radios turned off by 10 p. m. for those who have to retire early for morning calls.

When nine-year-old Nancy Sinatra is asked how she likes her new room in the house big Nancy and Frank have just bought in Bel Air, she merely shrugs her shoulders.



Aly Khan looks glum as he strolls with Rito Hayworth at the St. Cloud racetrack in Paris. His horse finished next to last in an early race.

"All the rest of the stuff around here is new," sniffs Missy Sinatra, "but I still have my same old furniture."

Lest her nose get too definitely out of joint, the Sinatras are getting her new trappings as a birthday "surprise."

Close-up of June Allyson: She likes to flirt and have lunch at the studio with her good-looking leading men—all on the harmless side, of course. . . . Secretly, she likes to think of herself as a *femme fatale*. Once, when an overly-jealous and silly wife went to Dick Powell and complained because Junie had lunched at the studio with her husband three days running, Dick roared with laughter—which made both June and the jealous wife furious. . . . She likes Peter Pan collars even on dinner clothes and cocktail suits. . . . She doesn't think she looks well in hats. . . . She takes her shoes off the minute she gets home, and is constantly getting holes and runs in her stockings. . . . She has a nervous habit of "eating" lipstick off her mouth and is trying to cure herself of it. . . . She's a natural-born "back-seat driver" and likes to give advice on everything from running a car to running your life. . . . She eats lemons and is amused when people pucker up and almost die watching her consume one. . . . Unlike other players who pretend they can't bear to watch themselves on the screen, June gets a kick out of going to see her own movies. She's kind of a June Allyson fan—but she's always looking for ways to improve her performances. . . . She adores children but can do without child actors. . . . She loves artichokes, lamb chops, Gershwin tunes, fan magazines, new novels, shampooing her hair, freshly-made coffee and the smell of freshly-baked bread. . . . She is honest in admitting that the studio was right and she was wrong about *The Stratton Story*. She did not want to do it at first. Now it's her favorite picture of all she has made.



That "Left-Out Feeling" can begin at home!

It hurts when a husband seems so indifferent. Yet sometimes a wife has *herself* to blame. So remember—*never trust your charm to anything but creamy, depend-*

able Mum! Mum's unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum—Safer for Charm . . . Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* underarm odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum—Safer for Skin . . . Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum—Safer for Clothes . . . No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, ideal . . . dependable for *this important use, too.*

keeps you nice to be near



Product of Bristol-Myers

Have YOU Heard?

Speaking of husbands, let's consider the matrimonial venture of the telephone pole climber who first glimpsed his wife-to-be as she leaned, lorelei-like, out of a skyscraper. If this doesn't prove that boy can meet girl under the most incredible circumstances I'll eat Emily Post . . . and that's just one story from the fabulous archives of radio's wedding whiz — "Bride and Groom."

This is one of the most delightful boisterous and girlsterous shows I have heard. For sheer talent and ingenuity emcee Johnny Nelson gets my vote for his aptitude at deflustering brides-to-be. And the impromptu tales he evokes from the engaged couples on how they met, provide an endless variation on the boy meets girl theme. You're likely to hear anything from love among the Lily Cups to tales of unbelievable enterprise.

But spontaneity (which I have almost come to regard as a lost art in radio) is really the keynote of this matrimonial matinee. From the moment the engaged couple wafts before the mike, there's a happy, unrehearsed quality about "Bride and Groom" that makes you feel as though you were part of the wedding party (staged by Sterling Drug Inc.). Johnny Nelson has a merry theory that a wedding a day keeps the blues away. "Bride and Groom" not only banishes blues but rings in a half hour of utterly unique entertainment.

★ ★ ★

If the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the shortest way to "the quickest way" is to hear "The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air." For this quarter hour is literally the answer to any dining dilemma. Betty Crocker (I'm constantly amazed at the way in which "Betty Crocker" portrays the company personality of General Mills) has a way of inspiring you to turn a cooking chore into a charm . . . gives recipes and hints that I haven't been able to find elsewhere. To counteract the old adage that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, Betty Crocker also features outstanding guest stars who add spice and sparkle to the proceedings.

Wedding bells ring on *Bride and Groom* at 2:30 PM EDT Monday through Friday. *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air* goes to press at 10:30 AM EDT Monday through Friday.

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing
 "Breakfast Club" 9:00 AM edt
 "House Party" 3:30 PM edt
 "Kay Kyser's College" 4:00 PM edt

Joan Lansing

Gloria Swanson, glamor girl of the silent screen, who returns to the screen in *Sunset Boulevard*, told me she is amazed at the lack of real, honest-to-goodness glamor in the glamor girls of today's movies.

"They have beautiful bodies and faces—but they do nothing to make themselves exciting! Oh, perhaps they wear a daring gown now and then, but real allure should come from the imagination.

"The real trouble is that underneath all the trappings of clothes and publicity, they are, at heart, just nice little girls playing at being sirens.

"They are about as mysterious as a hamburger, constantly making a round of the night clubs with an assortment of escorts. When they are interviewed, most of them talk about what homebodies they are at heart and how they love to wear slacks and low-heeled shoes.

"That's all right for the mousy types—but it doesn't make for good copy. The trouble is, most of them are too lazy to make themselves interesting!"

Gloria, my friend, that is a mouthful—but I'm going to have to agree that there are

just a handful of today's stars who have built up the thrills and excitement of such old-timers as Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard—and you.

* * *

When Sam Goldwyn was forced to reshoot much of *Roseanna McCoy*, there were rumors that the reason for this had been 15-year-old Joan Evans' complete lack of screen experience. But at the time, Sam told me that the gossip was untrue, and said that Joan is, in fact, a good actress.

Now those rumors should be completely silenced, for Joan is back in Hollywood to make another picture for Goldwyn. It will be called *Beloved All Over*, and in it Joan will once more share starring honors with Farley Granger.

Incidentally, I am glad to say that, aside from a few slight scars, Joan has fully recovered from the wound she received in her arm when a gun in Farley's hand accidentally went off during a scene in *Roseanna McCoy*.

* * *

That's all this month. Thanks for the letters and keep writing, because your ideas are always interesting!

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

You've probably heard the old one about the best things in life being free. Well, we might be prejudiced but we think MODERN SCREEN is one of those things. To the first 500 people who fill out this questionnaire and send it back, we'll be pleased to send a three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. Just fill in all the information below, rush it back to us, and the August, September and October issues may be yours—and all for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Can Judy Garland Love Again? . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | The Queen Says "Nuts!" (Barbara Stanwyck) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ava Gardner's Greatest Gamble . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Footloose and Fancy Dress (Bob Stack, Guy Madison, Donald O'Connor) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Now I'll Talk! by Robert Mitchum . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Which Girl Has The Gable? . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Small Wonder (Jeanne Crain) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | This Love of Ours (Louis Jourdan) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Myths Stars Believe About Themselves (Mature, Crawford, Flynn, Sinatra) by Hedda Hopper . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Never Underestimate The Power (Tyrone Power) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| My Daze by Ronald Reagan . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Goddess in Shadow (Ingrid Bergman) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Lady in Waiting (June Haver) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Picture of the Month (The Great Sinner) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The House She Left for Him (Rita Hayworth) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | Louella Parsons' Good News . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| He Could Have Been a Bum (Burt Lancaster) . . . | <input type="checkbox"/> | | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2,

3, in order of preference. . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2,

3, in order of preference. . .

What MALE star do you like least? . . .

What FEMALE star do you like least? . . .

My name is . . .

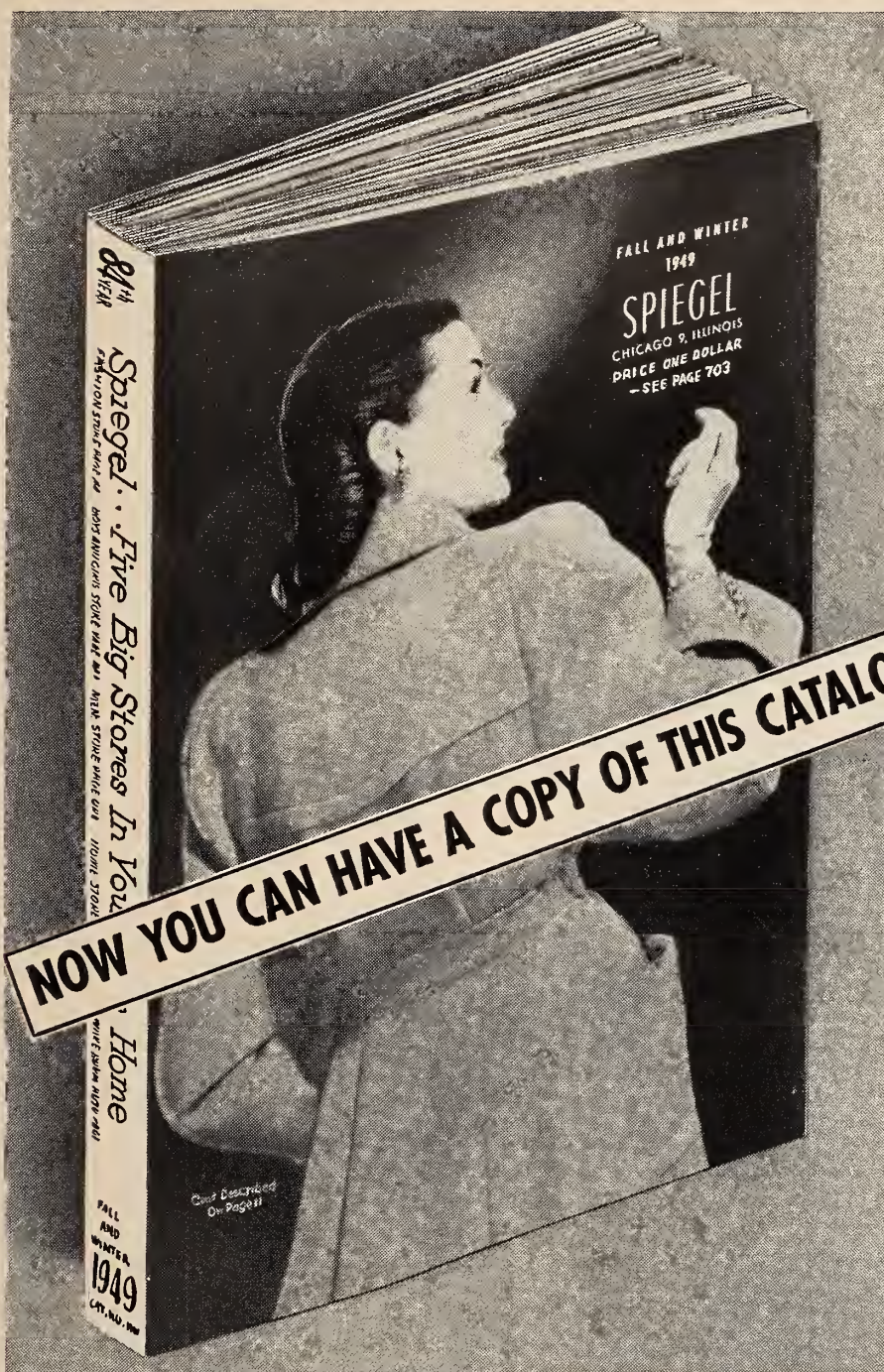
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R20-0

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *Edward My Son*, parents Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr join in a birthday toast to Edward as he sleeps upstairs.



Warship for Edward drives Tracy to wealth and power. His wife has a detective watch his affair with Leueen MacGrath.



Having ruthlessly triumphed over all who stood in his path, Tracy, old and alone, eventually goes to prison for his misdeeds.

EDWARD MY SON

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter, James Donald, Mervyn Johns, Leueen MacGrath

MGM

I didn't see Robert Morley on the stage in *Edward My Son*, though his is generally conceded to have been one of the greatest stage performances of the generation—greater than the play itself, in fact. But I think Spencer Tracy's movie portrayal of the same man lacks a little of the cruelty the character needs. Here's a fellow so unscrupulous he burns his business down for the insurance money, allows his oldest friend to go to jail for him not once but twice, drives his wife literally to drink, and rears a son who is a monster. Yet Spencer never appears to be quite that evil. (Morley has a crueler mouth, I guess.) Anyhow, Spencer's a small businessman, until his son Edward is born, at which time, he, Spencer, determines the world is going to be sonny's oyster. There it begins. The burning of the business. The going on to bigger, more crooked deals (big thieves don't get caught, only little ones). A private school wants to chuck Edward out because he's a corrupt little stinker. Spencer buys the mortgages on the school. Edward gets a girl into a delicate condition. Spencer smiles indulgently, and takes care of it. Edward wants money, money, money. Spencer gives it to him. Edward's mother, Deborah Kerr, can't mold the boy's character; her husband's power and personality are so tremendous they completely overshadow her efforts. She grows old, and embittered, and alcoholic. Eventually, Edward is killed in the war. Nothing honorable about it. He'd been stunt-flying; the other young men in his plane had also died for his playfulness. His father, by then a lord (he'd wanted the title to pass on to Edward) and his mother, a bent, wispy woman, are left alone in their great house with their terrible memories. Deborah Kerr is wonderfully good: she's the sum of all lost illusions. Tracy's always fine, and Leueen MacGrath, as Tracy's mistress, is nice, too. She's rather stylized, as to postures and attitudes, but she manages to be warm and graceful at the same time. Mervyn Johns, as Tracy's rap-taking friend, has a few excellent moments. As for Edward, the central character, you never get to meet him at all.



The Lady Gambles: Barbara Stanwyck just can't pass up a gambling table, while Bob Preston can't help looking worried—that's his money.

THE LADY GAMBLES

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett, John Hoyt.
Universal-International

This is about a lady who can't stay away from the gaming tables. When she hears those dice chatter, she's a gone goose. But the picture falls short of being a *Lost Weekend* by nine million miles. Neither the script nor the acting is real enough so you can put yourself in any of the assorted characters' places for a minute. Barbara Stanwyck's with her husband, Robert Preston, out in Las Vegas. He's a newspaperman doing an article on the Hoover Dam. She's an idiot who throws all his expense money away at craps and Russian Bank and pokerino. This worries her, and she has to go on gambling till she's won the money back. Hubby Preston is getting to be a nervous wreck. He takes her to a little house in Mexico, for the cure, and she seems to be doing fine, until he leaves on an overnight trip. Then she meets some oldtime gambling pals, they tempt her, she falls. This time she doesn't just spend Preston's expense money, she spends his life savings. He has to go back to Chicago and get a job, instead of writing his book in Mexico. (He was writing a book in Mexico. I forgot to say that.) Barbara sinks lower and lower. She goes back to Las Vegas, looks up the manager of a fancy club (this guy kissed her one time) and asks him for a job. He makes her front for a horse-racing syndicate, but she's so unpredictable she even ruins a big deal for them, and they ditch her. Well, she takes up with a crook called French, some indignant dice players beat her up in an alley, and John Hoyt (he's a doctor) tries to nurse her back to health. She has no will to live, it turns out. Her mother'd died in childbirth when Barbara was born, Barbara's sister (Edith Barrett) has always made Barbara feel guilty about it, so Barbara's been trying to atone by slowly destroying herself at chemin de fer. It's a plain pity. Robert Preston's standing by, though, sister Edith gets nixed off, and as we leave beautiful Universal-International, there's a big hot hope for the future.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
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shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo*! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

✓ Not a soap;
not a cream—
cannot leave
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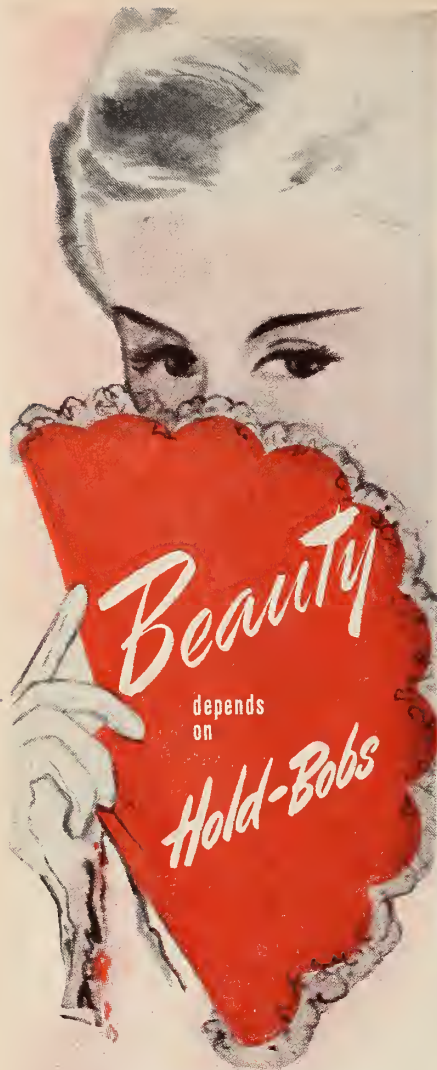
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Home of the Brave: Lloyd Bridges tries to make peace between James Edwards (left) and Steve Brodie (right). Steve can't adjust to Army life and vents his bigoted feelings on James.

HOME OF THE BRAVE

Cast: Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Jeff Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, James Edwards, Cliff Clark.
United Artists

A fine play about anti-semitism has become a fine movie about Negro discrimination. It's wise and fair and courageous. It tells the story of five soldiers on a mission in the Pacific. There's a young major (Douglas Dick); there's Technical Sergeant Mingo (Frank Lovejoy), thirty-ish and thoughtful; there's Corporal T. J. Everitt (Steve Brodie)—he's had a fat income and a shiny car before the war; there's Finch (Lloyd Bridges), good-tempered and easygoing; and there's a surveying expert, Peter Moss (James Edwards), who's a Negro. Moss had gone to high school with Finch; they'd been friends. Finch, the soldier, is just Finch, the boy, dressed in a uniform. He's not a complex person. He's glad to see Moss again; he's missed him; he expects Moss to reciprocate in kind. As for the Major, he's just interested in getting the job done. So is Sergeant Mingo. But big-shot T. J. Everitt, resentful of the Army, unable to take orders except as personal affronts, vents all his frustrations on Moss. He's an incurably stupid man; even when he's being friendly toward Moss, he's patronizing and disgusting. The group is on a Jap island for four days. They're attacked by heat, mosquitoes, snipers, and their own fear. As tension mounts, T. J. rises to new heights in his baiting of Moss;

he's inspired. Finch is finally shot by Japs. Moss, in order to save important maps, has to leave Finch. Later, the Major won't let him go back after Finch; he says the Japs will kill Finch anyway; going back can only jeopardize the safety of the rest of the men, by leading the Japs to their position. Eventually, (the Japs having left him for dead) Finch crawls back into the clearing where Moss is standing guard. Moss, unbelieving, picks up the dying Finch, cradles him in his arms, rocks him back and forth crooning tender little broken phrases. (I never expect to live through a more affecting scene.) By the time the other men are ready to leave the island, Moss can't walk to the boat. He appears to be paralyzed. The paralysis is a result of his guilt feelings; he thinks leaving Finch constitutes a rejection of the one white man who ever offered him love and friendship. He feels Finch's death is his responsibility. A good army doctor (Jeff Corey) eventually helps Moss back to himself, but the picture states very clearly that the few understanding and overworked doctors aren't able to undo even a fraction of the harm done in the field of race relations by the rest of us, even the well-meaning ones. A man's spirit is proud and delicate, and it bruises easily, and the bruises can't be treated with mercurochrome. Still, as long as there are hearts and talents capable of shaping this sort of picture, there may be hope for the world.

ILLEGAL ENTRY

Cast: Howard Duff, Marta Toren, George Brent, Gar Moore.
Universal-International

A bunch of racketeers are smuggling aliens into the U. S. (they collect vast sums from the aliens' relatives) until George Brent, Immigration Inspector, gets on the job. He has Howard Duff, ex-Air Corps pilot, to help him. Howard scrapes acquaintance with Marta Toren, who works in a restaurant suspected of being the gang's headquarters. (Howard was in the service with Marta's now-deceased husband, which is a legitimate excuse for looking the girl up.) Marta plays cold. She likes Howard, and she doesn't want him to get mixed up with the crumbs she works for. But he manages to have himself hired by the gang, and he's all set to fly aliens across the border from Mexico, before you can say dear me. (Reason Marta's involved in the mess is her brother. She's paid the gang to smuggle him from Europe—it would have been years before he could have joined her legally, under the immigration quota—and if she tells on her bosses, they tell on her brother. Not much of a life for brother, either, since he's confined to a small room in Marta's apartment, and never allowed to show his face to the world. He ultimately commits suicide, thus freeing Marta from her bondage.) Howard's narrow escapes while hob-nobbing with the mob are breath-taking. Gang knows somebody's giving away information, but other people keep walking into the traps set for Duff. This picture's semi-documentary, a style that's very popular these days, and the gangsters are played by Richard Rober, Tom Tully, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore. Moore's a dead ringer for Rory Calhoun.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY

Cast: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Oscar Levant, Billie Burke.
MGM

Glittering's the adjective. Technicolored furs and jewels, and Fred Astaire re-united with Ginger Rogers. Josh (Fred) and Dinah (Ginger) Barkley are musical-comedy stars. They live royally, they love tenderly, and they fight incessantly. Josh's favorite topic in a



The Barkleys of Broadway: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are a musical comedy team, but she has honkerings to become a great actress.



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PRESENT
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SEE WHICH STOPS
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fight is: Where would you be without me, since I taught you everything you know? Dinah's convinced she'd do splendidly on her own, and at a country house-party, she meets a playwright with a French accent, a golden head, and a surplus of boyish charm. He thinks she should play Sarah Bernhardt in his new play. So does she. The Barkleys split up. Dinah's going to show Josh. Josh, a tender soul, who doesn't want his wife to fall on her face, sneaks into the Bernhardt rehearsals, notes rough places in Dinah's performance, phones and coaches her every night. (He uses a French accent, so she'll think he's the playwright.) Bernhardt play opens, Dinah's the toast of serious drama fans. Now, having proved her point, she goes back to Josh. The finale's a big dance, just the way it should be. Ginger seems young and gay again, Astaire's graceful and witty, the script is merry, the songs and dances—particularly a song about winged shoes—are swell, and there's a stylish comedy bit by a girl named Carol Brewster. For me, the only sizeable flaw was Ginger's big scene in the Bernhardt play. She recites the Marseillaise with so much growling in the throat and such ferocious grimaces that you laugh where you're supposed to throb. Still, like I said before, it made her the toast of the town, and I'm sure not going to argue about it.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD

Cast: Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas, Henry Hull.
Warners

Ayn Rand, who wrote the novel, "The Fountainhead," also did the screen play for the movie. Her characters don't converse; they make windy speeches. Raymond Massey's a newspaper publisher. He believes money's power. Robert Douglas is one of Massey's editors (I think he's supposed to be a symbol of Communism) and he knows power is owning the minds of men. Goes around in a wing collar saying geniuses are an insult to the rest of us, so they mustn't be allowed to exist. Crucify 'em. Now the hero: Gary Cooper,



The Fountainhead: Gary Cooper, as the architect who won't compromise, and Patricia Neal, as the rich girl, finally find they're soulmates.

modern architect. Won't compromise with public taste. He's offered big jobs ("But we're the board of directors," men cry peevishly. "You have to do as we say!") only to turn them down. Clutching his integrity close, he goes to work in a stone quarry. Rich Patricia Neal ("You'll find me hard to bring into submission.") takes one look at Cooper's flexed muscles, and her nose dilates. They're in love. She wants him to stop fighting for what he believes in, because he'll get hurt. He soys no, he's not afraid. So she marries Raymond Massey. Cooper becomes rich and famous, despite the evil plottings of the mob. And one day he discovers somebody's changed his plans for a housing development; they've built the thing all different. Cooper takes it like a man, he goes right out and dynamites the development. After this, he makes a speech in court. Says he's not interested in poor people. He did the housing development because it was a challenge, not because some slobs needed housing. Furthermore, any man who works without being rewarded for his work is a slave, and a man must think of himself. Then he presents the line of the century. "Our world is perishing from an orgy of self-sacrifice," he says. In an age which is literally bleeding to death for the lack of some kindness and understanding between fellow creatures, Warners allows one of its heroes to make that statement. Naturally, the court exonerates him, leaving the movie-goer breathless, and rather terrified. . . . Now, I'm not pleading for mob rule, and neither am I questioning the right of the character portrayed by Mr. Cooper to his own ideas about architecture. He may have been wholly justified in his contempt for public taste. But to claim that integrity requires a man to think only of himself! Mr. Cooper says he's not his brother's keeper. I should think he'd be oshomed.

LUST FOR GOLD

Cast: Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford, Gig Young, William Prince, Edgar Buchanan, Will Geer. Columbia

William Prince goes hunting for a lost gold mine in the Superstition Mountains, out near Phoenix, Arizona. Another fellow, after the



Lust For Gold: Ida Lupino pretends to be in love with Glenn Ford, but she's really after information leading to the missing gold-mine.

IF YOUR HAIR
LOOKS LIKE THIS



WHEN
IT
SHOULD
LOOK
LIKE
THIS



*don't use greasy pomades,
brittle lacquer or sticky hair oil...*

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Your beautician will tell you there's nothing else *like* Suave to make hair miraculously obedient . . . whisper-soft, kissable . . . starry-bright . . . Keeps every tress perfectly in place, and safe from parching sunlight. Rinses out instantly. It's the amazing, new *cosmetic* for hair that outsells ALL women's hair-dressings! Greaseless—not a hair oil. No alcohol! For the whole family. At beauty shops, drug and department stores. **50c and \$1**

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COSMETIC LOTION
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same loot, is shot and killed right before Prince's eyes, and the Phoenix Sheriff explains that an unseen murderer has polished off four gold-seekers in the last two years. "But my grand-daddy owned that mine," says Prince. Which wouldn't mean anything to a murderer, but which sets the scene for a flashback. A hundred years before, two Spaniards (brothers), up from Mexico to prospect, had found the fabulous mine. One brother had organized a big expedition, dug 20 million dollars' worth of ore out of the ground, and got killed for his pains by Apaches, who considered the gold sacred to their gods. (The Apaches walled the Spaniards and the gold up tight, and went home.) Many years afterward, the second brother had decided to re-find his mine. That's where Prince's grand-daddy comes in. Grand-daddy (Glenn Ford) follows second brother to the mine, kills him and his companion, then kills his own companion. So now he's a rich murderer. In Phoenix, the townspeople take one look at the quality of the gold he's toting, and ask him where he got it. He won't tell. Men try to follow him, find out the location of the bonanza, but he's too slick. Until Ida Lupino pops up. She's ambitious. She's also married to Gig Young, only she tells Young to get lost for a while, and sets out to vamp Glenn, who vamps with alacrity. Ida discovers the location of his mine, he discovers that's all she was after, and there's a violent pay-off scene, complete with an earthquake and sudden death. End of flashback. "Now I want grand-daddy's mine," says Prince. But there's still a murderer at large, and don't you forget it. The ending's a surprise; also, Will Geer, as a Deputy Sheriff, is fascinating.

MASSACRE RIVER

Cast: Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Carole Mathews, Cathy Downs, Johnny Sands.
Allied Artists.

Guy Madison's not from the same social stratum as Rory Calhoun (they're both cavalry officers stationed in Indian country after the Civil war) but the Colonel's daughter, Cathy Downs, loves self-made Guy. (Rory loves Cathy.) Guy and Cathy become engaged. Then Guy meets a lower-class (his class) lady (Carole Mathews) at a saloon. She makes eyes at him. Against his will, he's fascinated. He even kills a man, to defend her. This forces him to resign from the cavalry. Ah, disgrace. Oh, dishonor. But he still has Carole. They're going to make a new start, only the Colonel's son (Johnny Sands), furious on behalf of the Colonel's daughter, comes around to kill Guy. Jilt my sister, will ya? Guy isn't going to fight with the kid, but Carole shoots him dead. You can't exactly blame her. Guy isn't armed, and Johnny's awfully murderous. Well, so Guy and Carole head West. But they've reckoned without Rory Calhoun, cavalry officer and gentleman. He's chasing them, to avenge Johnny's death, and Cathy's jilting. By the time he's caught up with them, deep in hostile Indian country, and he's heard the true story of Johnny's death, it's too late to apologize and turn back. Indians are blasting away at the trio. Indian Chief Yellowstone arrives after a bit, and makes his boys cut it out, but Carole's already expiring in Guy's arms as the picture ends. There seemed to be some question about this in the mind of a lady who sat behind me. She was wondering if Carole died, or if she got better. I'm here to say she was deader'n a door nail.

also showing...

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE (RKO)—A gay, good-natured comedy of 1905 in which Shirley Temple, a minister's daughter with advanced ideas, causes highly amusing complications for herself, her parents (Robert Young and Josephine Hutchinson) and the boy next door (John Agar). All the performances are fine—especially John Agar's.

THE BRIBE (MGM)—G-man Robert Taylor, hot on the trail of export-business villainies in Central America, finds Ava Gardner innocently mixed up with rascals Vincent Price, John Hodiak and Charles Laughton. Not too believable, but fast, exciting and well acted.

CHAMPION (U.A.)—A tense, realistic, brilliantly acted and directed story of the rise and fall of a bee in the prizefight racket. Kirk Douglas is splendid in the title role and Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Arthur Kennedy, Marilyn Maxwell and Lola Albright are excellent supports. Don't miss it.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (20th-Fox)—An exciting, authentic version of the old whaling novel, with Dean Stockwell as the sea-going youngster, Lionel Barrymore as his crusty skipper grandpa and Richard Widmark as the sympathetic first mate.

EL PASO (Para.)—John Payne, a returned veteran of the Civil War, finds an even more dangerous activity in fighting a gang of varmints who've got El Paso in their grip. A brisk, action-packed Western, in Cinecolor. With Gail Russell, Sterling Hayden, Dick Foran, Gabby Hayes and Henry Hull.

FLAMINGO ROAD (Warners)—Joan Crawford starts out as a carnival dancer adrift in a Southern town

and then, despite all Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, a political despot, can do to her, she rises in the world. The atmosphere of crooked politics is interesting, the drama lurid but absorbing, the action fast, the acting good. With Zachary Scott, David Brian and Gladys George.

IMPACT (U.A.)—A rambling affair about murder and domestic infidelity. With Brian Donlevy, Helen Walker, Ella Raines and Charles Coburn. Not so hot.

THE LAWTON STORY (Hallmark)—The annual Easter Pageant at Lawton, Oklahoma, in which the life of Christ is performed by townspeople, is the main business of this Cinecolor film. That part is impressive, but the present-day story which serves as a framework, featuring six-year-old Ginger Price, is pretty feeble. Almost all the performers are non-professionals.

LITTLE WOMEN (MGM)—A beautifully produced, superbly acted and altogether charming Technicolor version of the tearful New England Classic. June Allyson as Jo and Margaret O'Brien as Beth are especially wonderful, but everyone is excellent in the cast that includes Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, Rossano Brazzi and the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners)—A Technicolor biography of the famous musical comedy star, Marilyn Miller, with many songs and dances. June Haver is Marilyn. With Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae, Charlie Ruggles and Rosemary DeCamp.

also showing

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE (20th-Fox)—Clifton Webb, as the gifted Mr. Belvedere who started his screen life in *Sitting Pretty*, invades the collegiate scene as a beanie-wearing freshman and straightens out Shirley Temple's romance with Tom Drake. Obviously, a very funny film.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN (20th-Fox)—And in this one, Loretta Young goes to college. Her spoiled daughter, Betty Lynn, is also a student. Betty loves Professor Van Johnson, who falls for Loretta, to the distress of Loretta's lawyer, Rudy Vallee. A bright comedy, in Technicolor, with Bob Arthur and Barbara Lawrence.

MY DREAM IS YOURS (Warners)—An entertaining Technicolor musical dealing with the efforts of Jack Carson to get Doris Day to the top in radio. Good songs and lots of laughs. Carson and Day are nifty and so are Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden, and Cuddles (S.Z.) Sakall.

RED CANYON (Univ.)—Howard Duff, a wandering cowboy, wanders into Ann Blyth and gets right friendly with the little lady until her dad, George Brent, finds out Howard's family is one he plumb detests. A very sound Technicolor Western.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC (Eagle-Lion)—Done with painstaking authenticity, this is the story of British Captain Robert Scott and his heroic attempt, in 1910, to be the first man to reach the South Pole. An all-British cast, with John Mills as Captain Scott, is excellent and many of the polar scenes—some actually taken in the Antarctic—are breathtaking. In Technicolor.

THE STRATTON STORY (MGM)—A biography of Monty Stratton, the big league baseball pitcher who made a comeback after losing a leg in a hunting accident. Jimmy Stewart, as Stratton, and June Allyson, as his girl, turn in some beautiful work in this fine and inspiring film. With Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead and Bill Williams.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (MGM)—Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as baseball stars in a Teddy Roosevelt era ball club owned by Esther Williams. The comedy, dancing, and singing are all very nice. In Technicolor, with Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold and Jules Munshin.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.)—Elizabeth Scott as a deep-dyed villainess in a poor crime story. With Dan Duryea and Arthur Kennedy.

TULSA (Eagle-Lion)—Susan Hayward gets rich and greedy in the oil fields. Lots of exciting drama and interesting background atmosphere. With Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz and Lloyd Gough. In Technicolor.

WE WERE STRANGERS (Col.)—One of the best films of all time. A story of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, it combines horror and beauty with tremendous impact. Directed by John Huston, the performers, including Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz and Gilbert Roland, all are magnificent.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

*For lips men long to kiss again...
and again... and again - Tangee*



*Lips eager to kiss in a
romantic love scene between*

**SUE ENGLAND
AND
PETER FERNANDEZ**

IN

"CITY ACROSS THE RIVER"

**A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE**

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KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!



Tangee
KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.

TANGEE RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.

TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl.

Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!



After four years, the Vincente Minnellis are breaking up their marriage. Temperamental difficulties were the cause.



Three-year-old Liza, who's been in two films, went to live with Judy when she left Vincente.



Judy married David Rose when she was only 20. When he returned from Army service two years later, they called it a day—they couldn't seem to get adjusted.

Can Judy Garland Love Again?

For Judy, it's happened before—the crashing walls of a marriage and then heartbreak. And healing can come only from deep within herself.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ Four years ago, on the night before she was scheduled to marry him, Judy Garland sent Vincente Minnelli to her mother's home to pick up some clothes she'd left there.

As Vincente, loaded with garments, staggered out of the house, Judy's mother, Mrs. Ethel Garland, patted him on the back. "Good luck," she said.

Vincente flashed her his warm, ingratiating Latin smile.

"I have a feeling," Mrs. Garland added kiddingly, "that in the years to come, Vincente, you're going to look back on this last night of freedom with a lot of longing."

Minnelli stopped at that and did a double take. He was so completely in love with his little gazelle-eyed Judy that he couldn't possibly imagine ever wanting to live the life of a bachelor again.

That was four years ago, when he and Judy culminated an on-the-set courtship by going to Mrs. Garland's house and having Dr. William Roberts of the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church transform their director-actress love affair into a well-publicized marriage.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vincente Minnelli are separated. And that marriage, according to their own statements, is floundering.

Judy moved out of her husband's Hollywood hillside home on April 7th and rented a little place of her own in Beverly Hills, temporarily leaving her three-year-old daughter, Liza, with Vincente. Then Liza rejoined her in a small house in Westwood. She'll probably file for divorce (Continued on page 76)



Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

**Veto gives you
Double
Protection!**



*Always creamy and smooth
... lovely to use!*

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

For Bare-Skin Beauty

Bath Size Palmolive

with its famous

"Beauty Lather!"



New Fragrance!

New Charm!

New Allure!

THIS VERY DAY, see how big, thrifty Bath Size Palmolive smooths and softens arms and shoulders . . . how Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" helps make you lovelier, more alluring *all over!*

To be a thrilling Bare-Skin Beauty—get Bath Size Palmolive Soap and use it regularly in your tub or shower! You'll find economical, long-lasting Bath Size Palmolive Soap makes oceans of rich, creamy "Beauty Lather"—leaves an exciting "whisper" of perfume on your skin. Get Bath Size Palmolive Soap today—for Palmolive's famous Complexion Care *all over!* Your whole family will love it!



So Big! So Thrifty
So Solid and Long-Lasting
Oceans of "Beauty Lather"
Exciting New Fragrance
Menfolk Love it, Too

Buy Bath Size Palmolive for

Bare-Skin Beauty!

don't let them down!

an open letter to wanda hendrix and audie murphy



Dear Wanda and Audie:

The story of your courtship and marriage is one of the best real-life romances we've ever heard about. It has had all the elements—appealing characters, suspense, the overcoming of obstacles, complications after the achievement of the goal, a happy ending.

Millions of people everywhere have followed the unfolding of this romance. And you'll continue to be closely observed by the fond public that has taken you into its heart.

This places a great responsibility on your young shoulders—a responsibility to do everything in your power to live up to the ideal you now exemplify. For the influence of Hollywood extends far beyond mere screen portrayals. The daily lives of the stars present standards of behavior that, consciously or unconsciously, are followed in thousands of homes, especially by young people.

If convention is treated lightly by screen idols, if honesty and faithfulness are perverted to suit the moment's whim, if marriage vows are taken as something to be shrugged off as inconsequential, it sets examples that can be widely harmful. On the other hand, if a dedication to the solid, worthwhile things of life is demonstrated by the stars, the effect is wholesome and heartening.

You, Wanda and Audie, are a notable example of the latter. Let's hope that despite all the strains and stresses your individual careers must bring you, you'll continue to exemplify in your joined lives the ideals of courage, simplicity and devotion to which you have so far adhered.

You have fame and influence. With the fame, Wanda and Audie, goes the great responsibility of using that influence well.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



Ava Gardner,
the starlet, played life
as a joyous game.
Now Ava, the star, faces
a choice that will
make or break her career.

by JAMES DARSON

ava gardner's greatest gamble

second stage:

Second husband Artie Shaw introduced Ava to good books, music and art. He awoke her emotionally, made her realize she was a real person, not a studio puppet.



third stage:

Ava won recognition in *The Killers*, but it was *The Hucksters* with Clark Gable that opened up her prospect of becoming a major star in topflight productions.

first stage:

While married to Mickey Rooney (below), Ava's chief film activity was posing for leg-art. She's still in glamor shots (left), but not merely as scenery.



■ Ava Gardner is sitting on a keg of dynamite. Whether or not she knows it, is something only time can tell. Either her career will be blown sky high, or she will emerge as one of the great young dramatic actresses of our time. The choice lies firmly in Ava's own hands.

When this beautiful young Southerner came out of her native North Carolina hills, wide-eyed and syrupy-voiced, Hollywood cynics promptly earmarked her for the "learning-the-hard-way" treatment. That was seven years ago, and seven years have left their mark. The hard way always does. But it has been harder on Ava than on most young hopefuls, even those who have failed and gone home, temporarily heartbroken. They at least have learned quickly that Hollywood is not for them. Ava, far beyond the point of last return, is up to her neck in the dangerous waters of screen fame.

For Ava Gardner is on the spot, a spot partly of her own making, partly of studio design. Although they may deny it, MGM executives can no longer keep secret what has frequently been hinted at by Hollywood insiders: that Ava Gardner is being groomed with all possible speed as a possible replacement for Lana Turner, (Continued on page 80)

exclusive!

Robert Mitchum, who wrote
this story without a ghost
writer's help, chose Modern
Screen as best-fitted to
present the only authentic
revelation of his current
plans. Here—and here alone—
is Bob's own story!

Now I'll talk!

by robert mitchum



Bob and Dorothy Mitchum just after his release from jail, take off for Mexico, where Bob resumed his work on *The Big Steal*.

■ In 1947, after two years during which David Selznick vainly cajoled my cooperation, I was escorted to that gentleman's studio to report for a publicity conference. The enterprising Mister Selznick, traditionally thorough and lavish in every phase of the preparation of his product, was faithful to his reputation, and I was accorded the full treatment.

Ushered into a handsomely appointed office, I was seated behind a polished desk, and a parade of publicists (presumably in order of importance) marched into the room to be introduced, each reciting briefly the exact function of his duties, and the advantages of the service he rendered.

The idea behind this little ceremony was that I should express my attitude and opinions on the method of "presentation" I desired.

Should the subject be palmed off on the public as a "distinguished young actor," with a dignified cover portrait on a news magazine and a list of his professional credits? Should he be photographed with his biceps flexed and his stomach sucked in, whiling away his happy leisure with a yo-yo? Or should we picture him a moody rumpled clown who, like Topsy, "jes' grew"?

This, my children, is *planning*; the process through which the mighty shape the flesh of some stumbling soul who regards honest toil with such shuddering horror that he becomes that caviar geek, a movie actor.

Having myself planned my career as a character actor, wrestling with beards and dialects, with time out to do a little fiction-writing, and having watched those plans collapse with the war-born scarcity of leading men, I knew the folly of this (Continued on page 91)

"There shall be no more stories credited to me unless actually written by me," says Bob. Here he works on the first draft of his exclusive MODERN SCREEN story. Right: A portion of the manuscript in his own handwriting.

In 1947, after ~~after~~ ~~two~~ two years during which David Selznick vainly cajoled my cooperation, ~~my manager~~ ~~and~~ I was escorted ~~to~~ to that gentleman's studio to report for a publicity conference. The enterprising Selznick, traditionally thorough, and I think in every phase of the preparation of his projects, was faithful to his reputation, and I was accorded the full treatment. I walked into a handsomely appointed office, I was seated behind a polished desk, and a parade of publicists (presumably in order of importance) marched in to



Michael arrived at the Brinkmans' January 20—providing Paul, Junior, with an assistant for unrolling towels and pulling out kitchen drawers.

small **W**onder

**Baby girls are
quiet, Jeanne Crain
thought, maybe
even neat.
But it's a little boy,
and if he's anything
like Paul, Jr. . . .!**

By LOUIS POLLOCK

■ The day her second baby was to be born, Jeanne Crain awoke at four o'clock in the morning conscious of a strange contentment. She wondered about it. She realized she should have been thinking of what lay immediately ahead and perhaps be somehow nervously affected by the prospect of the ordeal she was to undergo. But no. She just felt good.

It was puzzling. Except for the luminous face of the bedside clock showing the time, and Hollywood's night-defying neons that she could see far below the house by stretching her head to peer through the window, the world was dark and all things in it seemed remote. She could hear the steady breathing of her husband, Paul, in the other bed beside hers. . . . Then she felt again that which had awakened her—the first of the signals that meant the long waiting was now nearly over.

She lay there for a while, enjoying the odd sense of companionship that is related to motherhood at such a time. Then she got out of bed—moving very quietly. For one thing, she didn't want to disturb Paul. This was going to be a long day for him, too—if this were actually to be the day. For another thing, she wasn't sure Paul would exactly approve what had now come into her head. She had a yen to work on herself, to shower, to wash her hair and set and dry it, to fuss over her makeup—and to do it all slowly, lingeringly, while a lot of thoughts, which she knew were only awaiting such an opportunity, came straying into her mind.

Seated at her vanity a few minutes later, her thinking going backward and forward in her life, the first thing she remembered was *The Great Deception*. It hadn't started out to be that. Jeanne had merely said to Paul, when they first knew about the second baby, "I want to keep working as long as I can. I don't want to make an announcement until we just have to."

"Again?" Paul had asked. "Our poor children—always getting off to a secret start. Why?"

"It's better to keep on working," she had replied—but she hadn't known how much better, then. That came when she was summoned to Mr. Otto Preminger's office at the studio.

"Jeanne," he began quite calmly, as if he didn't even suspect what his words were going to do to her, "how would you like to play Lady Windermere in *The Fan*?"

Her heart had almost leaped out of her right then and there. It was a part she had dreamed about but knew wasn't for her because . . . well, she asked Mr. Preminger: "What do you mean, I play Lady Windermere? It's Gene Tierney's role. Everybody in the studio knows that."

"Gene can't take it," he replied. "Gene is going to be a mother."

"Oh!" Jeanne had cried, feeling a strange, mixed (*Continued on page 83*)

While making *The Fan* (left), with Michael on the way, Jeanne fainted from tight stays. *Pinky* (right) is her most important role.



Myths stars believe about themselves

★ by HEDDA HOPPER

■ Some years ago, a very fine actor named Fredric March burlesqued an even finer one named John Barrymore on the screen in *The Royal Family* and for months after he wasn't quite the same.

After aping Jack, Freddie couldn't help copycatting every thing about Barrymore—his stalky walk, his upswept eyebrow, his Jovian glare, even his abysmal burps. Fred used to laugh about it himself—and swear at the same time.

"The Barrymore curse has got me," he confessed. "I can't get rid of that guy's spook. Whatever I do, I'm still playing Jack Barrymore."

Fredric March finally banished the hex and went on to a brilliant career in his own stellar style. But it took him years to outfox the myth that he really *was* The Great Profile, even though his good sense told him better. A lot of stars aren't that realistic. The biggest suckers for their own parts and poses, pictures and publicity, too, are many of the stars themselves.

Greer Garson has been playing *Mrs. Miniver* in person ever since she played that lordly lady on the screen. Myrna Loy acted out the perfect wife for so many years in Hollywood that she finally wound up being one. Pat O'Brien has been the spirit of Notre Dame walking ever since he played the great Irish coach, Knute Rockne.

The Hollywood air stays hazy as the stars draw on their own ripe imaginations for dream pipe puffs. Lawrence Tierney played the outlaw Dillinger in a movie and he's been battling the law in real life, in and out of jail, ever since. Boyish Bob Walker mimicked juveniles so much he wound up acting out reckless youth, even though he was long grown-up and a

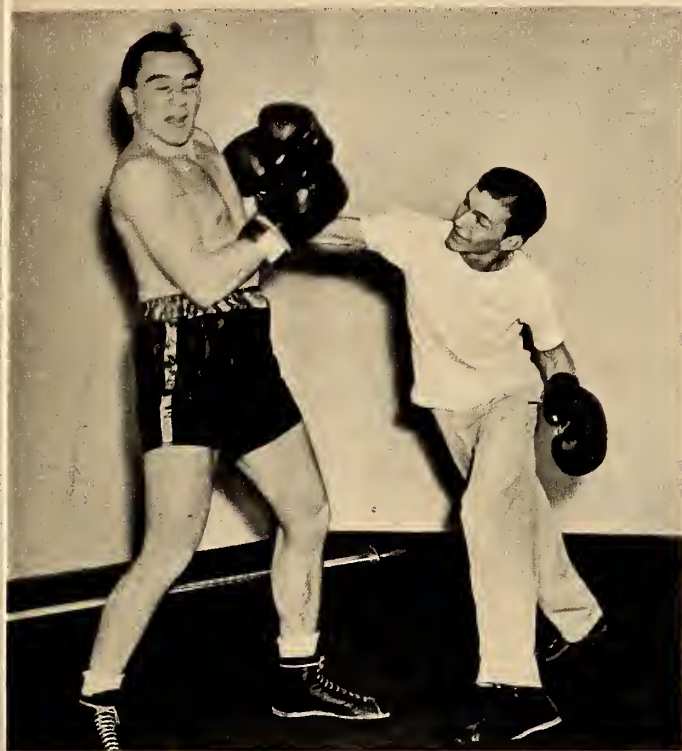


JOAN CRAWFORD'S best off-screen role has been that of a grand lady accepting the homage of fans with regal graciousness. Frequently she has seen herself as a patron of the arts—but her excursions into the elevated fields of culture have not always proved too successful.



ORSON WELLES, once the boy wonder of show business, might again do great things if he'd stop believing he's wrapped in a cosmic mantle. After his Martian invasion broadcast some years ago, he saw himself as a superman and has always tried hard to live up to it.

where actors sometimes are convinced that fiction is really the truth.



FRANK SINATRA, here sparring with Tami Mauriello, fancied himself a heroic fellow with his fists and punched several noses to prove it. After lots of bad publicity, he's finally seen that his tough-guy attitude doesn't quite go over and nowadays behaves with more discretion.



GREER GARSON, above with Walter Pidgeon in a scene from *Mrs. Miniver*, seems to have taken over that role in her own life. She always strives to be the personification of what the U.S. public thinks an English lady ought to be—genteel, gracious, elegant and stately.



JOAN FONTAINE was unhappy for years under the delusion that she was destined to go through life as Olivia de Havilland's "little sister." It wasn't until she won an Oscar in 1941 for her acting in *Suspicion* that she realized she had no need to feel inferior to Olivia.



ERROL FLYNN (here with Howard Hill after a wild boar hunt) has tried to pattern his life after his dashing screen roles. In addition to his skill with bow-and-arrow, he's also an expert swordsman, sailor and spinner of extremely tall tales about his harrowing "adventures."

All the world's a stage for the stars who forget to be themselves



VICTOR MATURE revelled in his "gargantuan hunk of man" publicity and soon was believing it himself. He helped spread the legend by giving detailed accounts of his romances, both real and imagined, and covered the walls of his studio dressing-room with telephone numbers.



HEDY LAMARR may for a time have had her beautiful head turned by the "glamorous siren" myth created by her screen roles, but actually she remained a down-to-earth girl. She's happiest when occupied with household chores, gardening or caring for her three children.

dad of years standing. The result has been sad.

Paul Muni's been too, too dignified ever since he played Louis Pasteur and Zola in make-up to trifle seriously with less eminent Hollywood roles. Instead, he spends his time bawling out the town which made him great. Tyrone Power, that erstwhile gay, grinning American boy, seems to be seeking his soul after playing the questing Larry in *The Razor's Edge*. He's giving Horrible Hollywood the back of his hand and longs to dwell abroad in lotus land with Linda Christian forever more.

What gets into these celluloid characters anyway? What bites the stars? How do they themselves fall for the fictions cooked up about them?

Me, I've often wondered just how great the great boy wonder, Orson Welles, might have become if he hadn't accidentally scared the pants off the U. S. A. with that blood-curdling Men-from-Mars broadcast. Because up until then nobody packed a brighter promise than Orson. He was—and still is, under his erratic ego—an authentic dramatic genius.

But ever since he handed America the screaming-meemies, Orson has been playing Superman, and his own Olympian myth has clouded his once shining future with a fog of foolishness. He's lost his artistic aim trying to shock again and again. And so the thrill of standing the world on its ear has wound up dumping Orson on his rear, professionally speaking. He's been out of this world of reality—and it just doesn't work, not even for Wonder Boy Welles.

Orson came out to Hollywood with his over-size dome still floating in the outer reaches of space, with the power of the world-shaker still delightfully agitating his ego. I can't list all of Orson Welles' divine didoes here but his creator complex led him into some beautiful flops. He went to South America and spent hundreds of thousands of RKO dollars exposing hundreds of thousands of feet of film. Most of it was never even developed. It was to be the greatest picture ever made—and it never turned into any kind of a picture. But Orson rose blithely above that. He turned to remaking the world politically. He orated over the radio, organized and campaigned for this and that, seeking the power that goes with shaking the world again. He rewrote Shakespeare, even the Bible. He wanted to astound Broadway, Hollywood and the radio public—and sometimes he did, all right. But everything Orson Welles did was designed to shock—even his irresponsible treatment of his wife, Rita, was shocking.

I'm a sucker myself for Daring Young Men, but they have to hook (*Continued on page 99*)



Back from his four-months' stay in England, where he starred in *The 'Hasty Heart*, Ronald Reagan wants to gain weight and get a suntan.

MY DAZE

by Ronald Reagan

The fog was thick over London,
but I moved in a daze of my
own—till someone set me wise.

■ I hadn't slept for three nights. I'd go up to my London hotel room and hit the sack early, toss and turn for a while like a landed fish and then, with a groan, turn on the light and read until morning. At eight o'clock, haggard and worn, I'd have breakfast and afterward doze fitfully until the middle of the afternoon.

On the third morning, I spoke about it to the waiter who brought me my breakfast. "What's to become of me once the picture starts shooting and I have to be at the studio at the crack of dawn?" I said dazedly.

The waiter smiled. "The solution is really quite elementary, sir. Remember there's eight hours' difference between London and Hollywood. Your mind knows that. But does your body?"

That waiter cured my insomnia. I stayed up all that day, staggering around staring sleepily at the Tower of London and beautiful old Windsor Castle. By night-fall I'd been awake for about (Continued on page 97)

Lady in Waiting



Since it's 10 o'clock, June Haver—who hopes soon to be Mrs. Duzik—decides she might as well hit the deck. She's been revelling in being able to sleep late every morning now that she's through making *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*.



No hurry about getting dressed. June takes her own sweet time putting the finishing touches on her hair-do and applying her make-up—of which she uses practically none.



Fare! A golf lesson being on the day's agenda, June has hied herself over to the California Country Club. She's developing quite a presentable game and shoots a little over 100 (if it isn't too windy). The pro is Jock Goge.



June, who has numerous small-fry friends, is a frequent visitor at Uncle Bernie's toy shop in Beverly Hills. After golf, she stops there to get a present for niece Kathy.



Hoppily lazing in her own backyard, June studies a golf book while she soaks up some of those celebrated Californio sunbeams.

Busy doing nothing,
she hardly went farther
than her own backyard.
But June Haver's vacation
has been special . . .
exciting. Because there's
been the thrill of look-
ing forward to something that
may make life complete.

■ For the past few weeks, June Haver has been waiting for a dream to come true. Life for June—as you may see in the pictures on these pages—has been happy, and relaxed, and lovely. For at last, after all the pain and the disillusion and the yearning, she's known that the dream she's held so long in her heart may soon be fulfilled. Just around a sunny corner, if the Catholic Church approves her petition to invalidate her previous marriage to Jimmy Zito, lies marriage with John Duzik.

As she awakens these cheerful mornings—and she awakens late, for *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* is finished, and time is her own—it comes over her in a soft, heavenly glow: She may be one day closer to life with that wonderful guy. . . .

Recently, a Hollywood writer who'd been away for a spell on European assignments was startled to sight June striding briskly along a Beverly Hills street, all zip and vigor. He stopped his car and hailed her.

"Well!" he said. "Last time I saw you, you didn't look as if you could walk to the corner by yourself."

"After *Silver Lining*?" smiled June. "Yep, I guess I was a pretty feeble girl."

"You've obviously made a brilliant recovery," said the writer. "The sparkling eyes, the firm step, the rosy cheeks. How'd you do it?"

"With a six-months rest cure," said June. "And boy, did I need it!"

June had indeed had more than her share of reasons for a good long rest. First, there'd been the sad mistake of her union with Zito, which

Lady in Waiting

ended unhappily after an attempt at reconciliation. Next, there was all the dismal strain of the divorce trial. Then came the topper to her problems—the appendectomy she had to undergo just as she was starting strenuous ballet rehearsals for *Look for the Silver Lining*.

When she'd recovered, she worked like a Trojan on the film. It helped her to forget her troubles, but she ended the picture completely bushed. She had a cold, a nervous little cough, and not enough poundage on her to fill out her most form-fitting dress.

So she called her business manager. "Look," she said, "I don't care if I do go broke—I'm going to see what it's like to loaf for a while."

Well, a six-months vacation can do wonders if you do it right. And June did. Her first week off she spent entirely in bed. Just lay there and sopped up the mattress. That licked the cold.

The next week, she was puttering around the house. Nothing strenuous, mind you. Just sat around eating apples and reading the pile of books she'd been stacking up. Away went the nervous little cough.

She began saying, "Hello, you," to the mirror. Always a good sign.

Then she started wearing skirts again instead of slacks, and began answering the door, and it was no time before her mother was suggesting that maybe June ought to take all that vitality out of doors.

So she played golf, caught up on her shopping, went swimming, got some more of those books read, played with her friends' children and her little cousins and nieces, had dates with a fellow named John Duzik. Best of all, she had dates with a fellow named John Duzik. . . .

Then, when it finally came time again for June to go back to honest labor—to make *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*—she found the chore a comparative breeze.

And during the past few weeks, she's been taking life easy again. She's been occupying herself with much the same things as on her previous vacation. But this time, it's been really much more fun.

For now, as we've said, something very wonderful may soon be added.



When she can, energetic June likes to include a few sets of tennis in a day of vacation.



After tennis, June dons a cool dress and entertains company. Her niece Kathleen (right) drops by with her cousins, Donald and Karen, to pose for June's own movies.



The sun's going down—and there's a date with Dr. John Duzik. June chooses the dress she'll wear for a festive evening.

June Haver steps out with Dr. John Duzik. Every date with him is an important one for June—who hopes to marry him soon.



Later, Kathleen (center) again appears with Donald and Karen to view her celluloid self. As an added attraction June shows the kids a series of Mickey Mouse films.



June has another day full of events to record. Soon, she hopes, there'll be a very special entry, beginning with the very wonderful words . . . "Dear Diary—today I married John Duzik."

the home she left for him



Exclusive!

These dramatic pictures tell the story of Rita Hayworth's house—a place of echoes, haunted by the memories of other days . . .

■ The ghost of a vanished woman still haunts these silent rooms, rooms filled with the gay and sentimental things that meant so much to her, rooms whose vibrant colors and beautiful furnishings tell of her love for elegance and warmth. This is the home, once gay with laughter and tinkling music, that Rita Hayworth left for Aly Khan.

Before the deserted house was sealed to all outsiders, MODERN SCREEN was permitted to take the intimate photographs appearing on these pages. It remains just as it was that whirlwind day when Rita went away. Cherished mementos still crowd the cupboards and cabinets—such as the first sets of castanets carved lovingly for Rita by her grandfather Cansino.

Here Rita's uncles, cousins, younger brothers, father and grandfather would gather with her for true Latin celebrations. Guitars were strummed, castanets clicked, and mellow voices blended in ancient songs. Grandfather Cansino, whom they all called Padre, could out-play and out-sing them all. . . . Though one night he found that Rita and her little daughter, Rebecca, had for a joke replaced the strings in his instrument with cotton thread. He went right ahead and sang and "played" on the silent strings—Padre wasn't going to let anyone get the better of *him!*

When will Rita return to fill this lonely house with happiness and life? It waits for her, hushed and expectant. Like some burnished instrument of lovely music, put aside for a season while its mistress roams the flowered by-ways of the world, it waits to awaken once again, some golden day, in torrents of shining melody.



Rita's favorite perfumes, Chanel No. 5 and Femme, are part of the collection on her lockered dressing table. Souvenir booklets from Paris are sentimentally preserved under the glass top.



On the far wall of Rita's living room are 25 pictures depicting an entire bullfight. They were a gift from Fernando Lopez, one of Mexico's finest matadors. Another entire wall of the room is given over to books Orson Welles had owned.



This message awaits Rita on her return from Europe.



Rita's bedroom is her favorite place to study scripts, read Indian poetry and relax. A telephone alongside her oversize Hollywood bed connects instantly with her daughter Rebecca's nursery.



Fans, castanets and clogs add color to Rita's study.



The way his
life turned out, Burt
Lancaster can
uncross his fingers.
But if it hadn't been for
three potent things . . .

BY HOWARD LATANE

HE COULD HAVE BEEN A BUM

■ Burt Lancaster created a sensation on his entrance into show business. He was four years old. Taking part in a church Christmas pantomime, he was seated quietly on the stage, wrapped in the flowing robes of a shepherd. An angel entered, bent on some very sublime business. At this earnest moment, Burt glanced down at his feet. Then he raised one foot across his knee, stared indignantly at the sole of his shoe—and stretched off a large wad of chewing gum.

"Where the hell did *this* come from?" he piped loudly.

Burt Lancaster could have been a bum. A number of things prevented that—three things most of all. One was his mother, Elizabeth Lancaster—who, after the performance mentioned above, had some stern things to say when she got him home. Another was a New York City neighboring house, Union Settlement—where the church dramatic group was presenting the Christmas pantomime. The third was acrobatics— (Continued on page 89)



In 1935, Burt Lancaster and his friend Nick Crovot were bigtime acrobats. Left: Perfecting their "perch" act (with Burt on top) in New York's Union Settlement House.





the
queen
says,

“NUTS!”

When Barbara
Stanwyck talks, egos fall
and bores tremble.

She says what she
thinks. And the Queen
has a talent for
getting away with it.

BY FRANCES CLARK

■ A group of old Hollywood hands were sitting around recently discussing two famous characters who, while notoriously bitter enemies, had been doing a gushing Alphonse-Gaston act in public.

“I’d love to watch Barbara Stanwyck’s reaction to them,” one chuckled. “Can’t you just hear her saying, ‘Why don’t we choose up sides and heave?’”

Yes indeed, Barbara emerges head and shoulders above all the other Hollywood gals when it comes to using forthright vernacular. The tales about her spicey tongue are countless—as are the incidents in which she’s been involved.

There’s the one concerning the actor whose breath is heftier than his brains when he pontificates on intellectual matters. In the midst of his bore-ologue at a dinner party one night, Barbara held up her hand school-girl fashion and asked, “May I interrupt, please?” Grandly, he granted a fellow native of Brooklyn the floor and was kayoed with, “I just wanted to say, ‘Aw nuts!’”

And there’s the one about the reckless gossip who poured some nice juicy tales about another actress in Barbara’s ear. After hearing him out, she calmly picked up the telephone and, while the gossip listened aghast, told her maligned fellow-thespian everything she’d heard—and the source.

Of course neither the “intellectual” actor nor the gossip, of the above anecdotes, who dislike having their names bandied about in those widely-recounted stories, now consider Barbara a dear friend. But others who’ve been (Continued on page 96)



Barbara demands 10 minutes a day to "moke love to Gus Peters," her long-time friend. He's the electrician on her new movie, *File On Thelma Jones*.



Make-up man Bob Ewing gets a bit of his own medicine from Barbara on the Paramount set. A favorite of the motion-picture crew, Barbara has a ferocious loyalty to her less publicized co-workers.



The Taylors' friendship with Earl Wilson, newspaper writer, started with Earl offending Barbara in his column. Shortly afterward, Barbara wittily pinned Wilson's ears back—and now she writes guest columns when he's on vacation.



The quiet dinner party which Bab Stack had planned mushroomed into a fancy dress party featuring games and a mob of guests.

Footloose and Fancy Dress

"Come dressed" the party invitation said, so some came in calico and others in lace. They stacked up the records, stoked in the food and let 'er rip!

Jahn Agar was, quite naturally, Shirley Temple's beau.



by reba and bonnie churchill

■ Robert Stack had carefully enclosed tiny hand-sketched maps with the invitations to his costume party, showing just how to get to his Bel-Air home, high on a crest overlooking Los Angeles. But as we started up the steep, winding road that led to Bob's house, no map was needed. All you had to do was follow the gay caravan of gypsies, cowboys, swashbuckling cavaliers, French maids, 1890 belles and what have you.

Sporting these brightly bizarre get-ups were Shirley Temple and John Agar, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, the Donald O'Connors, Martha Hyer and Dick Jackson, Anthony Curtis and Lois Maxwell, Michael North and Barbara Lawrence, Dick Flato and Annie Rooney—and we, the Churchills. Reba was a 17th-Century French countess, while Bonnie appeared as a be-haloed angel (the halo was through the courtesy of two bent clothes-hangers).

As we followed trail-blazers Guy and Gail into Bob's flagstone driveway, we could hear soft music and the laughter of early arrivals. Through giant eucalyptus trees, we caught glimpses of multi-colored Chinese lanterns strung around an emerald-green pool.

We rang the bell—or, rather chimes—and the oak-carved door swung open on a burst of festive noise. Against a background of balloons, serpentine and confetti, stood our grinning host, Bob Stack. Tonight he was Two-Gun Texas Bob, toughest cowboy in the West.

Taking a properly bow-legged stance, he drawled, "Howdy, friends! Right proud y'all could come to my little ole git-together!"

"Little" proved to be a bit of an understatement. The party had started out to be a dignified dinner for six, featuring barbecued pheasant (which Bob had shot on a hunting trip some months ago and had been keeping in the deep freeze). But somehow, plans had snowballed until the guest list had multiplied to 20—but the pheasant hadn't.

This switch in menus didn't bother Bob or his guests. He dropped the pheasant back in the deep freeze and started ordering other food.

The first sensation of the evening came when Barbara Lawrence appeared in a black wig. At first, we thought she'd dyed her blonde tresses. "Oh, no!" we moaned, "you didn't!"

"Of course not," said Barbara. "Mike North just talked me into being Carmen to his Don Jose. Never again! My head itches like fury."

Donald O'Connor thoughtfully inquired, "You mean you don't know if you're Carmen or going?"

Before Barbie could crown him with a coke



Donald O'Connor doesn't need an audience to be funny, but he's got one anyhow in the attentive Mike North. The ladies (Barbara Lawrence and Gwen O'Connor) concentrate on gossip and good food.



Mortho Hyer has Dick Jackson nibbling out of her hand while host Stack serves Shirley. Bob had planned on having pheasant, but he put the birds back in the deep freeze when his guest list multiplied.



Gail Russell tries out a shootin' iron from the trophy room—and even though it isn't loaded, Guy Madison, Bob, and Lois Maxwell stay out of her way. Gail spent most of the evening sombo-ing with Guy.



After some persuading, Shirley and Jack Agar, Barbara Lawrence (that's a black wig) and Mike North got Bob to take them to the trophy room where he keeps his many awards for sailing, flying, polo, etc.



The 400-pound phonograph console was moved out to the patio where there's dancing space. (He-man Bob gave up trying to push it alone.) Lois, Bob, Guv. Gail and Gwen select their favorite records.



Mike chooses an angel (it's Bonnie) as his partner for some foxtrotting. That beautiful halo was once a couple of wire clothes-hangers



Bob acts as safety-man for bannister-sliding Bonnie. He had to catch her twice before anyone guessed the charade she was acting out—Fallen Angel, natch!



Richard Flato (the killer in *Vendetta*) come as a band-leader with baton and music case. Gail Russell adds a false nose, a blond goatee—and presto, a maestro!



"Diamond Jim" O'Connor suggested all the games—and walked off with all the prizes. The next day, he and Gwen started a two-week vacation. After *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*, *Curtain Call at Cactus Creek* and this fancy dress brawl, he needed the rest.

bottle, Gwen O'Connor led him quietly over to the phonograph, where Guy and Gail were piling on samba records.

Then, between shakes and twirls, Guy explained that he and Gail were trying out some of the steps they'd learned on their two-day tour of Cuba.

Besides the dance-steps, they'd also acquired two cases of sunburn and a couple of native drums, which Guy had installed in his apartment and insists on thumping at all hours. "He's pounding out his own eviction notice," said Gail.

Those who weren't dancing drifted onto the glass enclosed patio, where pale pink and aqua porch furniture was strategically placed. Here there was a low, very wide, green-marble coffee table bearing heaping bowls of homemade potato chips and pop corn. Across one end was a garden-banked wall, on which small bunches of old-

fashioned flowers had been mingled with ferns and other greenery.

Sitting just in front of this were Shirley and John Agar, decked out in the 1905 costumes they'd worn in RKO's *Adventure in Baltimore*.

Lois Maxwell had also borrowed a period gown from the studio. But when trying it on at home, she'd decided it wasn't exactly her type. "I took a pair of scissors and snipped off the sleeves," confessed Lois, "and let my Adrian tendencies take it from there."

Before the evening was over Reba was wishing that she'd done a little snipping on *her* costume. It was a French colonial hooped-skirt outfit designed by Kay Drake. Before going through any door, she had to pause a moment and remember to shift sideways.

No one needed to be urged twice to approach the candle-lit buffet with its centerpiece of lilacs, when (Continued on page 78)

Is it love between Nancy Davis and Clark Gable? Hollywood, as this story reveals, believes it is. But one question still remains—the question of Ann Sheridan. For a report on that, read the other story on this page.

Which girl has the Gable?

They say Gable's going to marry again—maybe he is. And now there are two girls in his life—one of whom may well make up his heart.

■ Has something at last happened to Clark Gable—something, to be exact, in the form of a slim, brown-eyed, brown-haired beauty named Nancy Davis—that is changing the fitful pattern of his romantic life? Is there to be an end to the short-lived affairs, the undecided hovering over first one girl and then another, that has been his story ever since he got back from the war?

Has he, in other words, finally found the Gable Woman, for whom he is more than willing to give up the Gable Women?

The answer seems to be yes—even though, if it is a love at all, it is so far a love in hiding. For the story behind it has more than just two pretty legs to stand on—there are interesting facts that can be tied to it. And the way Hollywood is connecting up the facts is causing even the most cynical of scoffers to believe that the impossible has come to pass: A girl has shown up who has caught not only Gable's eye—which, after all, he has given to many—but also his heart, which, since the stunning death of Carole Lombard, he has given to none.

by DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Although only Gable knows what Gable will do, those who saw him at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs are willing to make predictions. They say Clark has found the right girl at last. She's Ann Sheridan, and here's why . . .

■ It was gay, it was giddy, it was romantic. • It was also sensational. For while Clark Gable and Ann Sheridan have known each other for years, they'd never been more than casual friends until that recent week in Palm Springs. And what happened then may be the prelude to a behind-the-scenes drama which will eventually remove Clark Gable from the bachelor ranks.

True, both Ann and Clark are supposed to be involved with other people. Ann with Steve Hannagan, the famous publicist whose constant companion she has been for several years. Clark with a lovely young girl who has just been signed by Metro. Yet—well, this is the story of what happened. . . .

For a change, Clark was taking a vacation in style and had been lolling around the swank Palm Springs Racquet Club for several days. Sometimes he dined with his friend and host, Charlie Farrell, who himself was once the Number One man of the screen. Sometimes Clark played a little tennis or sat on the sidelines and watched Paul Lukas and Jimmy Ritz knock themselves out.

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The fact that little has been printed about the two doesn't necessarily mean much. Obviously a lot is taking place—especially when you consider Nancy's career. Something extra, something that doesn't ordinarily happen to a girl whom Clark meets and likes, is going on with her. It's a process that has already given them a relationship professionally. And that's not a bad point to start from if you're going to be together later on. Nancy Davis arrived in Hollywood only recently from New York where she first met Clark. Her film experience is meager—a few shorts she made in the East. Yet, you can get a pretty good bet in certain quarters that before the present year is out, or at least before the new one is well started, Nancy will enjoy starring status.

In the movie business, made-to-order success like this doesn't come very often—and that's just the thing. The path to fame she is walking seems to be so expertly paved, so conveniently shortened and cleared of all the usual difficulties, that there's a touch of magic about it. And when you look around for whomever may be waving the potent wand that's accomplishing all this for her—darned if an awful lot of things don't point to the Great Gable himself!

To begin your looking, you (*Continued on page 87*)



Nancy Davis met Gable in New York. They appeared together frequently at parties, nightclubs and theaters. Later, in Hollywood, Clark paved the way for Nancy's deluxe screen test and her contract at his studio (MGM). Gable's friends think that he's finding his way back to marriage—perhaps with Nancy.

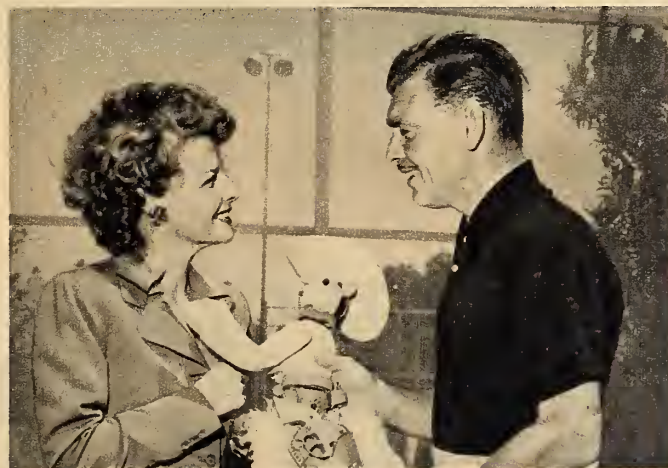
Clark was a man relaxing, with nothing on his mind—that is, until the fateful afternoon when Ann Sheridan checked in.

In a way, it was like a boy suddenly discovering that the girl he used to chin with over the back fence had grown up into something highly desirable. To understand, you must know that Clark has worked for most of his career at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Once, more than a dozen years back, he was employed at Warners where Ann worked for so long, but he was dropped. If Clark had never left Warners for a studio clear across town, he and Ann could have discovered each other a long time ago.

As things turned out, though, Clark worked at Metro, married Carole Lombard, and later lost her in a tragic plane crash. Ann, in the meantime, worked in picture after picture at Warners, married George Brent, and divorced him.

After that exciting union was blown apart by clashing temperaments, Ann is reported to have said, "Never again will I marry an actor."

Something else that had worked to keep Clark and Ann from seeing much of each other is the desire they hold in common to get out of the movie-making atmosphere the moment they finish (*Continued on page 75*)



Ann Sheridan and Gable have known each other a long time—but it wasn't until recently, when they met at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, that their casual friendship seemed to ripen into real interest. Although they're both involved with others, observers think it likely that their futures may be linked.



"Quique's willingness to give up family and home to come to a strong land told me she loved me. . . . I pray I will never foil her."

This love of ours

by Louis Jordan



third
in a
series

Our love has
weathered a lifetime of
decisions and
separations and the
strangeness of a
new world. Together
we have discovered
a magic formula for
greater happiness . . .
and brighter dreams that
are meant to be shared.

■ As time is reckoned, ours is not an old love. We have been married only four years and knew each other for just about two years before that. And yet it has weathered a lifetime of decisions and separations and the strangeness of a new world for both of us.

I do not know for sure, and Quique says she doesn't either, when our love began. France, in its pre-Liberation days, was not a very happy setting for a romance. What gaiety and laughter its people attempted were only a cloak fashioned to hide its heartaches and despair.

We were both staying at a small hotel in Nice, where Quique and her family had come after fleeing from their home in Paris. The first time I saw her was one evening at a small dinner given by a mutual friend. It was a very casual meeting, and we certainly did not fall in love that night. I was aware of Quique, yes, because no man could see my wife and not be acutely aware of her. She is so utterly feminine, (so fragilely beautiful, with her pale gold hair, the lovely laughing eyes and the pert nose). And Quique was aware of me, too . . . aware, she confessed later, that here was a fellow who was a picture actor, probably very puffed-up, and that consequently she would not like him. I regret to say that she ignored me completely.

Months passed before our paths crossed again. Fate, I suppose, brought me back to Nice, but I am sure that subconsciously I was helping Fate a little by deciding to go back to the same hotel. Quique and her family were still there, and when she bumped into me in the lobby and I suggested that we might have luncheon, she did not act too surprised. She said she would.

But in love? I do not think we were in love until our first separation. And after that, in the hectic months before our marriage, it was a series of partings and reunions. Desolate farewells because we never could be certain that it might not be the last . . . joyous meetings that would seem an eternity in arriving, minutes in (Continued on page 92)



"She is so fragilely beautiful with her lovely laughing eyes."



"The months before our marriage were a series of partings and reunions."



"I do believe she loves me a *little* better than gin rummy."



"We have shared much happiness; we dream many plans."



In MGM's *The Great Sinner*, Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner surmount spiritual decoy to find idyllic love.

Picture
of the
Month

THE GREAT SINNER

■ The scene of *The Great Sinner* is a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. Here, a brilliant young writer (Gregory Peck) is seized with a ruinous passion for gambling and sinks to the depths. He then is regenerated by religious faith and by the devotion of the beautiful woman (Ava Gardner) who had been chiefly instrumental in his taking the path of destruction.

This may sound a bit old-fashioned. It is, being based—somewhat—on "The Gambler," one of the minor works of Dostoevski, the great 19th Century Russian novelist. But it's also a fine MGM example of slick, absorbing and

opulent movie-making and, as such, *The Great Sinner* is excellent entertainment.

Miss Gardner, surely as lovely a creature as ever illumined the screen, wears handsome clothing and performs with delicate adequacy. Mr. Peck shows his usual firm grasp of his profession. Melvyn Douglas, as the heavy, keeps his touch light. And Walter Huston, Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan, in the other top roles, go about their business with the brilliant ease one would expect.

On the following pages, Modern Screen tells the story of *The Great Sinner* in pictures.

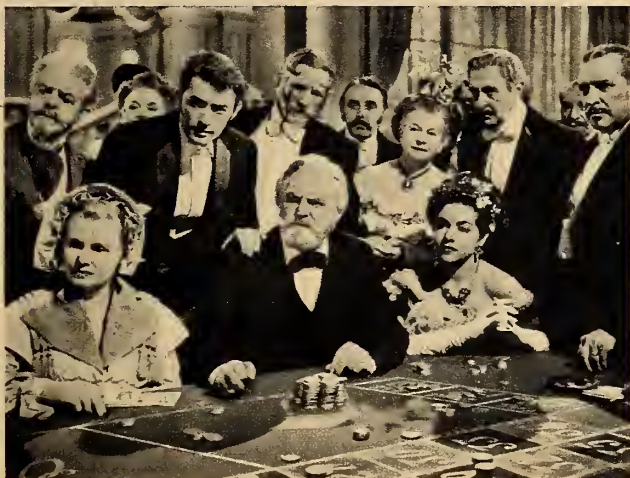
A drama of gambling fever is brought handsomely to the screen.



1. Scene of *The Great Sinner* is Wiesbaden, Germany, in the 1860's. Fedar (Greg Peck), a rising Russian writer, meets Pauline (Ava Gardner) and her father, Gen. Ostrovsky (Walter Huston).



2. Fedar is amazed to find that father and daughter are gambling addicts, heavily in debt to the Casina head, Armand (Melvyn Douglas), who has dark hopes of keeping Pauline in his power.



3. Fedar encounters another intense gambler, M. Picard (Frank Morgan), formerly a prominent professor. He gives Picard train-fare home, but Picard gambles with it, loses, and kills himself.



4. As a writer, Fedar wants to understand this gambling fever, questions Pauline. He upbraids her when she says she must marry Armand to clear the debts. They realize they're falling in love.



5. Her father, the General, tries to break this up—he fears it might upset his gambling credit. Fedar decides he'll try to pay the debts himself. So he plays roulette—and breaks the bank.



6. With the General he goes to Armand to buy back the notes. But Armand says that since it's Saturday, he'll have to wait till Monday—the notes are in the bank. (Continued on next page.)



7. That evening Fedar gambles again and loses all—and more. He agrees that if he hasn't paid off in a year, Armand will get all his future writing income. Wildly, Fedar denounces himself.



8. Armand surprisingly gives the General the notes, tells Fedor the privilege of making Pauline unhappy is now his (Fedor's). But Fedor avoids her. Her grandmother (Ethel Barrymore) arrives.



9. She's vastly rich and the General hopes soon to inherit her wealth. But *she* catches the gaming fever, loses her fortune, dies at the table. Fedor, pawning things and sponging, still gambles.



10. For days he has hidden from Pauline in the barren hotel room to which he's reduced. She seeks him out, having spent her last coin on train tickets, and gets him to agree to leave with her.



11. He manages to steal a bracelet from her wrist, pawns it, sells the train tickets. Later, down-and-out and having hallucinations—one is meeting Picard on a park bench—he wanders into a church.



12. Here he undergoes a great spiritual rebirth, staggers back to his room—and in a few days has finished a fine novel about his recent grim life. It's a big success—so all, it seems, ends happily.



Everywhere—lovely hands agleam with this pure, pure, *pure-luxury* polish!

Beautiful NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢**



Talk about Brilliance (and smart women do), isn't this a brilliant idea?

A polish that's *all* luxury, from the top of its graceful "artist's" brush to the last long-wearing drop in the bottle. Yet the cost is a mere 25¢.

Never before, a polish with so many extras. Amazing wear. Beautiful "dressing table" bottle. Eleven alluring, fadeless shades, including new "Star Bright."

Never before, a polish so completely pure and harmless. Even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes tell us they can safely use Nail Brilliance.

Now—lovelier lips, too! New Cutex Lipstick has everything you long for in a lipstick. Silk-satin texture! Clinging-vine *cling!* Colors to harmonize with those heavenly Nail Brilliance shades! Only 49¢.* New "purse" size—25¢.* *PLUS TAX

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...a Midsummer Dream of a Shade"

Woodbury Tropic Tan

Could be your skin was warmed by the sun to a breathtaking bronze... or could be Woodbury *Tropic Tan* you're wearing! No telling with this summer glamour shade—it's that *natural-looking*!... that perfectly toned to your skin!

Like Satin on your Skin...

Smooth as tawny Satin!... the smoothest look your skin has ever known, with New Woodbury Powder! Only Woodbury contains the new secret ingredient that does it... gives a Satin-Smooth look that's priceless. Now see for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the 4-to-1 favorite over all leading face powders!



New

Woodbury Powder

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Linda Darnell

starring in "SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"
a 20th Century-Fox Production.

NEW! Tropic Tan in Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up!

Now — a *new* kind of make-up that veils tiny lines, blemishes, gives a "perfect" complexion! Not drying, not greasy! *Your complete make-up.* Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up gives the new, fresh-glowing young look! Or wear with Woodbury Powder in matching shades. The two together — fabulously beautiful! *Tropic Tan, Brunette, Natural.*



39¢ plus tax

■ Even after pictures of their wedding had been radioed to America, photographs showing Ty and Linda being wed in the church of Santa Francesca Romana by the Pittsburgh-born Msr. William Hemmick—even then, Ty's friends found the marriage difficult to believe.

For months those friends had been going around Hollywood slyly whispering that Tyrone Power would never marry Linda Christian. "She's not his type," they would say. "We've known the guy for years, and take it from us this is just an infatuation."

Even now, months after the marriage, a large segment of Hollywood finds it difficult to realize that Linda is actually Mrs. Tyrone Power. It's hard for the movie colony to admit how wrong it was.

Actually, it shouldn't be. For Tyrone Power has always been one of the foremost mystery men in Hollywood.

In the past 13 years, he has starred in more than 40 films. His every romance has been avidly charted by the press. He's been interviewed by a multitude of writers. He's played opposite scads of talkative actresses. And yet, despite this, almost no one really knows his heart, his mind, his true personality.

"I'd have bet my last dollar," says one director, "that Ty would never have married Linda. Guess I really don't know the boy."

Ty Power rarely speaks about himself or his plans and almost never about his women. He's been like that ever since he first set foot in Hollywood. Reporters who've questioned him repeatedly about his past heart interests have always gotten little from him but irrelevant replies.

Fourteen years ago, when he was making his first picture, he was nervous, frightened, and quite ill at ease in front of the cameras. He had just been bawled out by the director and was about to be bawled out again. Alice Faye, at that time a great Fox star, walked up to him without ever having met him before and said: "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

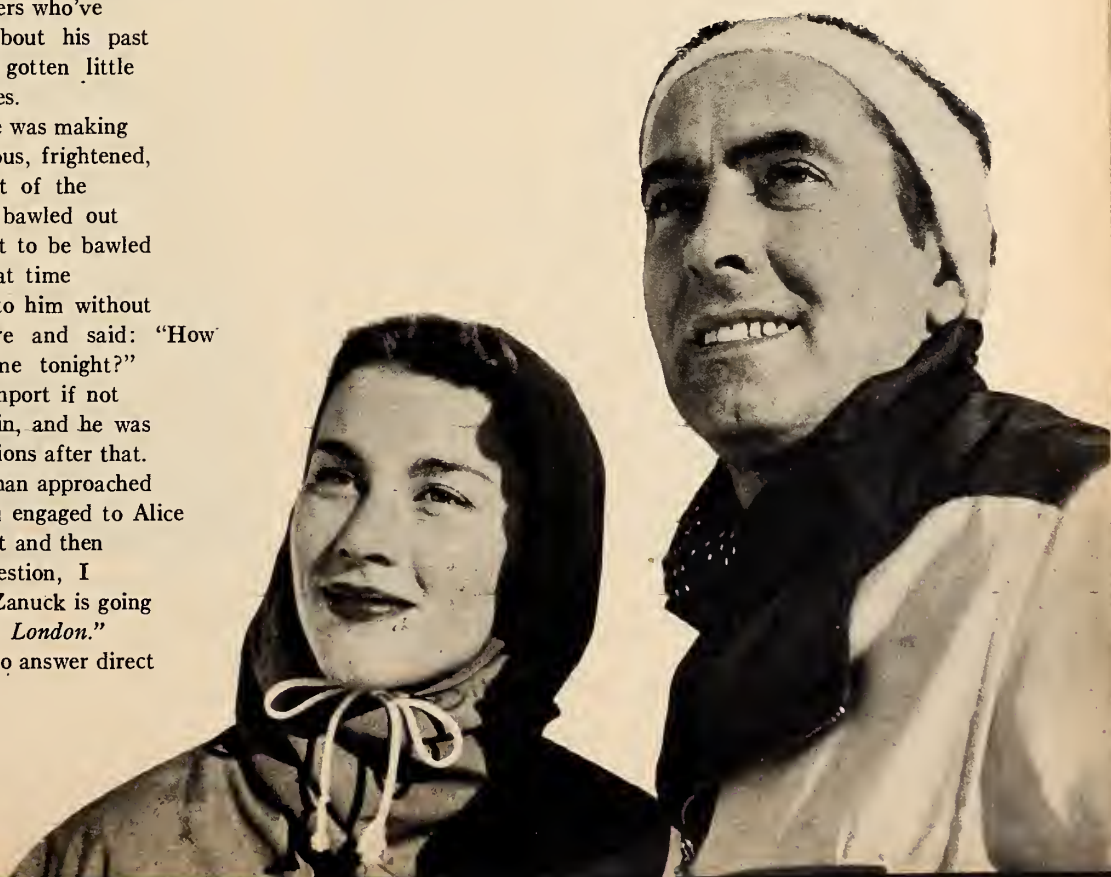
That invitation, subtle in import if not in delivery, saved Power's skin, and he was seen with Alice on many occasions after that. On one of them, a newspaperman approached his table and asked, "Are you engaged to Alice Faye?" Ty thought a moment and then said, "In reply to your question, I can honestly say that Darryl Zanuck is going to let me play in *Lloyds of London*."

In addition to such refusal to answer direct

There'd been six women before, and then came Linda. "He'll never marry her," said his friends. But they didn't know Ty—or Linda.

by MORGAN MacNEIL

Never underestimate the Power



questions, it is also characteristic of Ty that while all his external doings may portend one obvious course of action, in the end he usually does the unexpected.

For instance, when he started going with Lana Turner, he really rushed the lady. Night after night he saw her exclusively. Ty and Lana partied together, danced together, they were virtually inseparable.

Lana made no mystery of her feelings toward Ty. Each time she looked at him, she saw him with her heart. When they sat down together in restaurants, they held eyes across the table. Lana was very frank with her intimates about the actor. She hoped to marry him.

As for Power, he said nothing. Whenever he's gone with a girl, he's let others do all the talking. He holds his own counsel.

In the case of Lana Turner, he decided to take a round-the-world flight. Everyone predicted that as soon as he returned, he and Lana would marry. Tyrone publicly predicted nothing and promised less.

When he hit Rome in his aerial junket, a girl phoned him. He invited the girl to his hotel for refreshments. A day later, he and the unidentified beauty were throwing pennies in the *Fontana de Trevi*, Rome's historic wishing well.

An Italian newspaperman who spotted the couple bouncing along the streets of Rome, wrote in his column the next day, "Lana Turner, the American actress, is secretly in Rome with dyed hair."

The girl wasn't Lana at all. She was Blanca Rosa Welter, professionally known as Linda Christian, now known as Mrs. Tyrone Power.

What had happened was that the press had so played up the Turner-Power love affair that no one could possibly couple Ty with any other girl but Lana.

When Ty got back to Hollywood, and Miss Turner's studio announced that Lana and Ty were no longer romancing, movie-goers everywhere were a little sad. The whole world loves a love affair and here was one which had faded into nothingness.

Weeks later, when Lana moved on to New York and Bob Topping and could look back objectively on the whole story of her relationship with Ty, she sadly acknowledged "He never said anything about marriage. People just took it for granted. They built up the whole affair."

And this, in general, is what three other women in Ty's life have said at different times.

The first was blonde, pert, winsome Sonja Henie. In the early years of his Hollywood fame, Ty was attracted to Sonja with all the ardor and passion of his youth. These two clicked right from the start. Rumors of their impending marriage were spread everywhere. The gossip columns were cluttered with Henie-Power items.

But Ty said nothing.

When eventually he stopped calling upon Miss Henie, the reporters were baffled. "How come," they asked Sonja, "you and Power didn't get hitched?"

Miss Henie was as sweet as ever. There had never been anything really serious between her and Mr. Power, she explained. "Besides," (Continued on page 95)



ALICE FAYE storied in Tyrone's first movie 14 years ago. A great Fox nome of that time, she took Power under her wing. Marriage rumors were expertly scuttled by Ty's refusal to make public comments.



NORMA SHEARER was extremely lonely after the death of her husband Irving Tholberg. She accepted dotes with Power ond they become well-known combination until people discussed their getting married

Never underestimate the Power



SONJA HENIE delighted Ty in the early years of his Hollywood fame. Rumors of their impending marriage spread everywhere, but Ty said nothing. Later, Sonja stated that skating, not marriage, was for her.



JANET GAYNOR was eight years older than Power. Attracted by her maturity and sharp intellect, he dated her exclusively for six months. As gossip about them grew, his apparent interest quickly diminished.



ANNABELLA was the first woman Ty spoke about. In 1939, he told the press he would marry her—and he did. Seven years later, after service in naval aviation, Ty announced that he preferred to be single again.



LANA TURNER made no mystery of her feelings toward Tyrone. She hoped to marry him. When their romance was over, Lana acknowledged, "He never said anything about marriage. People just took it for granted."

Goddess in Shadow

For the first time, Bergman has felt the hot breath of gossip. And whether true or false, the rumors may easily cloud the Bergman legend.

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER

■ For many years, Ingrid Bergman has managed to remain a veritable goddess to most of her acquaintances, and to the general public as well. Now, many are wondering if their goddess has feet of clay.

As this is written, the newspapers have been filled with reports that Ingrid plans to divorce her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and marry the great Italian director Roberto Rossellini—with whom she went off to the Mediterranean island of Stromboli to make a film currently titled *After the Storm*.

For the first three weeks after the story hit the front pages, none of the trio would make any public comment to confirm or deny. Finally, on May 4, a few days after Dr. Lindstrom had flown to Italy and had conferred with his wife and Rossellini, Ingrid issued the following indefinite announcement:

"I have met my husband and we discussed and clarified our situation. . . . Once the film is completed, I shall leave Italy and meet my husband in Sweden or the United States. Beyond this there will be no further statements about our private lives. . . ."

This announcement, obviously, was not an outright denial of a romance between Bergman and Rossellini. And it is known that Rossellini had just taken legal steps to make his Hungarian civil divorce binding in Italy.

At first, some of Ingrid's intimates insisted that her silence merely reflected her belief that the innocent need make no denial. Yet in view of developments, even those who initially scoffed at the idea of a romance are beginning to believe that beneath the smoke of gossip has burned the flame of truth. Why, they now ask, did Ingrid wait so many weeks before making



Ingrid Bergman attends the Hollywood premiere of *Paisan* with its famous Italian director, Roberto Rossellini. He came to her in Hollywood when, deeply impressed with his work, she wrote him that she'd like very much to be in one of his films.



Dr. Peter Lindstram, Ingrid's husband, flew to Italy as Bergman-Rossellini gossip increased.

a statement to the press? Why did she oblige her husband to travel thousands of miles when a simple, "There's nothing to it," would have stilled the romance reports?

In any event, the average citizen has been amazed that Ingrid Bergman, of all people, should be the center of such a storm of conjecture.

Before digging into the truth underlying this remarkable affair, let's examine Bergman the Goddess.

Ingrid's elevation to that status began, it is said, when David O. Selznick discovered what a big girl he'd imported from Sweden. He banned the slang dictionaries from his publicity department and installed volumes of romantic poetry.

"Miss Bergman," one publicist was thereupon inspired to write, "is as unspoiled as a fresh snowfall, and is as magnificent. She is like a goddess."

When the press met her, they found her a young woman wholesome as milk and pretty as a large, firm, prize peach. They heard her say earnestly, "I do not want I should become a sign." At which point, a spokesman for Mr. Selznick stepped forward to explain, "Miss Bergman means she doesn't want to become typed."

Quietly, Miss Bergman slipped away while the spokesman gave the interview for her.

The aura of Miss Bergman grew and grew. And grew—until finally several Eastern editors sent their most experienced, cynical reporters to Hollywood with these instructions: "Get Bergman—the *real* Bergman. Don't go near a press agent. Talk to everyone else. Get some dirt. Nobody's as wonderful as she's being made out to be."

When whisperings of such doings reached Selznick's public relations boys, they laughed loudly. (Continued on page 93)

End guesswork in your next home permanent



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Dial-a-Wave, exclusive with

Rayve

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FASTER... GENTLER... EASIER

Rayve's personalized waving times are up to *twice as fast* as ordinary home permanents. Yet Rayve's improved creme formula makes waving action noticeably *gentler*. And it's all as simple as rolling your hair in curlers. Picture-booklet directions are crystal clear, and you don't even wear a turban!

LONG-LASTING... YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL—No fuzzy ends, no frizz with Rayve. Even on the *very first day*, your hair feels satin-soft... looks and acts as if you'd been *born* with naturally-curly hair. Once you've tried this *personalized* home permanent, you'll never be satisfied with *any* other kind of wave.

COMPLETE RAYVE KIT—everything for a perfect permanent. Includes 60 "easy-wind" plastic curlers, step-by-step directions, and the Dial-a-Wave.

\$2

REFILL KIT—with Dial-a-Wave. Complete except for curlers and bands.

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YOUR "RAYVE NUMBER"
IS YOUR GUIDE TO THE
ONE RIGHT WAVE FOR
YOUR KIND OF HAIR

There's nothing hit or miss about a Rayve cold wave. With the easy-to-use *Dial-a-Wave* that's in every Rayve kit, you just set the dial for the texture and condition of *your* hair—and up comes your own Rayve Number. It's your guide to the professionally correct timing procedure for *your* type of hair and the amount of wave *you* prefer.



*Your hair needs special
summer care*

Look for the helpful display of essentials for summer hair beauty at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter right now.

"I dress for a beach party...
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "At business I wear a soft linen suit. Its tucked-in jacket is held by a rainbow of belts whose circles are echoed by bands of hem tucking. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!



2. "At the beach I don braided, bright straw sandals, an apron copied from a Portuguese fisherwoman's, take off my jacket, and get down to work in my pretty yellow linen peasant blouse. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant!



New Odorono Cream
safely stops perspiration
and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

how to be

the only pebble on the beach

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Naturally, you can't *really* be the only pebble on the beach—where would be your audience? But it never hurt any girl's morale to *feel* as if she were stealing the show; what are sun, sand and salt spray for—but to make a pretty girl look prettier?

Of course, a glamorous bathing suit has a great deal to do with how many interested looks come your way. And your beach etceteras count too—the cute shoes you kick off; the gay bag you keep your sun lotion in; the dramatic sunglasses you size up the situation behind.

In this issue we've rounded up bathing suits and beach accessories we think will draw crowds (well, almost)—on any sands under the sun! The suits speak for themselves, as you'll see when you turn the pages. But we especially urge you to look carefully at the smaller photos of tricky trimmings:—the terry scuffs and the Greek thong sandals on pages 68-69; the jaunty tramp-bag, page 70. And don't miss the terry shirt with the three big carpenter pockets to stuff your stuff in (page 72)—or the sophisticated terry stole that curves down to your knees in back, page 74.

Cyd Charisse goes down to the sea in a petal skirt suit

■ Cyd Charisse, whom you'll soon see in a straight dramatic role in MGM's forthcoming *Tension*, models a nylon moulded and draped sea-green suit with mermaid petal skirt. The bra is softly boned, can be worn with or without halter strap. It's nylon sharkskin. Green, cherry red, cocoa brown or black. Sizes 32-38. By Brilliant Fashions. \$8.98.

At Martin's, Brooklyn,
The Hecht Company, Washington,
Rice's, Norfolk.
Other stores, page 73.

**modern
screen
fashions**





how
to
be

THE ONLY PEBBLE

cyd charisse

strikes a dancer's pose in
gleaming moulded satin lastex

—perfect show-er off-er

for the body beautiful. In

yellow, green, rose, blue,

aqua or black. Sizes 10-16.

By Rose Marie Reid . . . about \$10.95.

At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

The May Co., Los Angeles—

other stores page 73.



Greek thong sandal.
Red, green, yellow, white with crepe
sole. By Dalton Reed. \$2.98.

ON THE BEACH...



*Hard-to-find terry scuffs.
Blue, pink, yellow, white.
By Honeybugs, \$1.99.
At Abraham & Straus, Bklyn.*

cyd charisse

makes like a Venus in a luster-black
swimskin with a knot of gold at
the bodice, a cuff at the bottom.

(Secret: it contains more than
a mile of lastex—which accounts
for the poured-in look.) Can be worn
strapless. Gold braid is non-tarnish.

Sizes small, medium, large.

By Gantner . . . about \$10.95.

At Best & Co., N. Y., other stores page 73.



THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH...

... *In duck print boxer shorts.*

Show-stopping shorts and halter bra,
with dramatic duck-and-catkin
print. In Celanese Prospector rayon.
Gold with brown print; white
with blue; natural with green; light
green with bright green. Sizes 32-38.
By Catalina . . . about \$10.
Saks-34th, N. Y.—other stores page 73.



*Denim Tramp bag on
stick carved with names.
By Dan Gertsman—\$3.95
plus tax.*

summer sundries



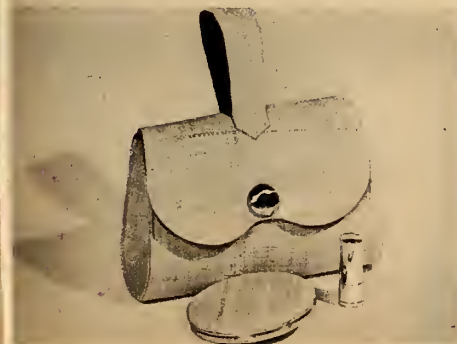
Polka line pump to spike any summer costume. Green, navy. By De Liso Debs. \$12.95.



Bag to match shoes, above. Bag and shoes also in colored dots on white. By Lennox.



Glamour Highpoint glasses—"gold" on shell rims. By Grantly, \$3. "Gold kid" case included.



Straw handle bag, complete with straw compact, lipstick, comb. By Lin-Bren, \$2.98 plus tax.

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Artcarved diamond rings are made by America's oldest and largest ringmaker.

He brings you fine diamonds never before worn . . . performs and controls every step in the making of an **Artcarved** ring, from the rough diamond and molten gold to the finished product. This complete control and protection, by **Artcarved** expert craftsmen, results in savings which are passed on to you in better values—better prices. Genuine **Artcarved** diamond rings are registered and guaranteed. At your jeweler's, look for the name **Artcarved*** in the ring, on the tag.

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Rings enlarged to show detail

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MILFORD SET, an outstanding value in yellow gold. Engagement ring, \$275. Wedding ring, \$92.50. Groom's ring, \$125.

Prices include Fed. tax.

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THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH...

In draped faille—one strap

Water sprite suit, minimum for the slim young thing. Draped in front, smooth in back, plastic-buckled at shoulder and waist.

Coral, green, pale blue, yellow or black. Sizes 32-38.

By Sea Nymph . . . about \$8.98.

For where to buy, see page 73.



Terry beach shirt with carpenter pockets. Many colors. By Coral. About \$3.



WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Petol skirt bathing suit worn by Cyd Charisse in color photograph (page 67)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's*, 501 Fulton St., Resort Shop, Casual 5th fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's State Street Store*, 333 S. State St., Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.
Norfolk, Va.—*Rice's*, 400 Granby St., Beachwear Dept., 1st fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Boggs & Buhl*, Federal St. & Parkway, Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., Beachwear Dept., 3rd fl.

Moulded satin lastex bathing suit worn by Cyd Charisse (page 68)

Chicago, Ill.—*Chas. A. Stevens Co.*, 19 N. State St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Co.*, Broadway & 8th Sts., Sports Accessories, 3rd fl.
Newark, N. J.—*Bamberger's*, 131 Market St., Beach Club, 3rd fl.
New Orleans, La.—*Maison Blanche Co.*, 901 Canal St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd fl., Main Building

Greek thong sandals (page 68)

Order by mail: *Dalton Reed*
(Post Paid) Boston 1, Mass.

Luster black swimskin worn by Cyd Charisse (Page 69)

Ft. Worth, Tex.—*Stripling's*, 209 Houston St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Madison, Wis.—*Baron Bros.*, 14 W. Mifflin St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Dayton Co.*, 7th St. & Nicollet Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 51st St. & 5th Ave., Beach Shop, 4th fl.
Tampa, Fla.—*Weil-Mass Inc.*, Sport Shop, 2nd fl.

Terry scuffs (page 69)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Slippers, 4th fl.

Duck print boxer bathing suit (page 70)

Baltimore, Md.—*Garton's*, 214 N. Charles St., Sportswear, 1st fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Maurice L. Rothschild*, Sportswear Dept., 7th fl.
Ft. Worth, Tex.—*Stripling's*, 209 Houston St., Sportswear, 2nd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd fl.
San Francisco, Calif.—*Davis-Schonwasser*, Grant Ave. & Sutter St., Sport Dept., 2nd fl.

Denim tramp bag on stick (page 70)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Sportswear Dept., 3rd fl.

SUMMER SUNDRIES (page 71)

Polka pumps and polka bag

Morristown, N. J.—*Jack Decker*, 6-8 Washington St.

Glamour Highpoint sunglasses

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Optical Dept., Balcony.

Straw handle bag

New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Main fl.

Draped faille one strap bathing suit (page 72)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.*, 383 Main St., Town & Country Shop, 4th fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's State Street Store*, 333 S. State St., Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*The Union Co.*, High & Long Sts., Sports Dept., 4th fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Sun & Sand Shop, 3rd fl.
Richmond, Va.—*Thalhimer's*, 613 E. Broad St., Budget Sportswear, 5th fl.

Terry beach shirt (page 72) and terry beach stole (page 74)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th. & Lexington Ave., Deb Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Peoria, Ill.—*Block & Kuhl*, Adams & Fulton Sts., Sportswear Dept.

White pique bathing suit with gold (page 74)

Write: *Lee Swim-Play Suits*
1410 Broadway
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- (2) Order by mail from stores listed.
- (3) Write *Connie Bartel*, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.



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For where to buy, see page 73.



Terrific terry cloth beach stole with huge pockets. Drapes over shoulders, dips deep in back.



Back, same stole. White, pink, maize, others. By Coral. Abt. \$4.

WHICH GIRL HAS THE GABLE? Ann Sheridan . . .

(Continued from page 53)

a picture chore. Clark goes hunting in South Dakota or Mexico, or just stays home. Ann goes East to visit friends.

And though Ann, when she's in California, lives less than five miles from Clark in the San Fernando Valley, she and he have never traveled much in the same circle of friends. Ann's idea of a whale of a time is to have several cronies drop in for an evening to listen to a three-piece Mexican band. She never issues invitations to formal parties and seldom accepts them. (Her great pal Steve Hannagan, when an associate once asked him why Ann so seldom came into New York from her Connecticut farm hideaway, is said to have answered, "I just can't get her to put shoes on.")

On one occasion, though, some time back, she went to a party at Ann Sothern's home in Beverly Hills. Ann Sothern had just separated from Bob Sterling and friends were rallying around to keep her from being lonesome.

As Ann Sheridan was being driven over, her escort said, "Know something? Gable's going to be there tonight. You know, you two would be a really great pair."

Ann's reaction was something below the boiling point. She said she'd known Clark for a long time, but she never again wanted to mix with the Hollywood crowd. At the party, she and Clark kidded around as they had countless times before, but they were like brother and sister. Other guests who had hoped that a spark might be struck were doomed to disappointment.

they meet again . . .

Now, as the saying goes, years pass. Clark is having a fine time in Palm Springs at the Racquet Club. His presence there has stirred excitement among all the ladies present, from starlets to wealthy Eastern dowagers. He is charming, considerate, kind. There is an extraordinarily beautiful girl there named Yvonne de Carlo. Willingly, Clark spends a lot of time having his picture taken with her. The pictures may be of some publicity use later on. Not for Clark, who has no need for publicity—but he likes to see youngsters get ahead, and during his stay on the desert he poses for dozens of photos with people who could use pictures showing them with someone important.

Enter Ann Sheridan. When Ann arrived at the Racquet Club, walking through the oddly-arranged entrance which leads directly into the bar-dining room, Clark looked up from his conversation and made a mental note that the new arrival was quite attractive. In a matter of seconds, he did a double-take. Why, it was Annie Sheridan!

What happened from there on is a peculiar reversal of events as they have been known in Gable's life. Usually, Clark doesn't have a chance to be the aggressor. If he makes himself available, there are a half-dozen charming women around. This time, it seemed to people watching, that for the next few days Clark pursued while Ann retreated. At least, her interest seemed casual enough.

Vacationers at the Racquet Club watched the little game like people clustered around a television set. They were delighted to note, on the third or fourth day, that Mr. Gable abruptly began to make progress. Now Ann, who had been so casual, seemed to light up.

Everyone looked forward to the Saturday evening gathering of the Racquet Club clan. A big dinner had been planned

with a number of Hollywood folk, including Frances and Van Heflin, to be present. When dinner began, however, there were two conspicuously empty chairs. An hour passed, then two. Guests began to speculate on whether or not Ann and Clark hadn't checked out and taken off for some place like Nevada where two people can become one in a hurry.

This didn't happen, though. Along about 11 o'clock, the two showed up. They'd been for a long ride in Clark's car. Immediately, they were the butt of considerable happy ad libbing, and for an answer they just grinned at each other like a couple of high-school sweethearts who had ditched classes for an afternoon in the park. During the course of the evening, they toasted each other at the table, danced together to the tropical music, holding tight as though they expected any moment to have a director yell, "Cut!"

Of course, Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club has witnessed quiet little romances before, but this was so obviously something different. Those who know have never taken Clark's constant dating with various young Hollywood girls seriously. Here, however, were a man and a woman so clearly drawn together and so absolutely right for each other that those present felt like breaking out in applause.

Around midnight, onlookers had caught the fever that the pair were generating.

"How old is Clark, anyway?" an Eastern matron wanted to know.

"Oh, I'd guess around 40. It's a funny thing—that gray at the temples seems to make him look younger than he did a couple of years ago."

The lady scoffed. "That's not what's making him look young. It takes a woman like her to bring out the best in a man's appearance."

Actually, Gable is 48. Ann is getting acquainted with her thirties; yet she is much younger than the women in whom Clark has been interested in the past. Perhaps

more than any other girl he has ever known, Ann is the most like the late Carole Lombard. She has the same flair for beautiful clothes and a similar disregard for the niceties of high fashion. She has a robust, riotous sense of humor of the type for which Carole was so well-known.

There the comparison should end—for Ann is strictly individual to the nth degree. And independent. Being so, her sudden interest in Gable prompted speculation that perhaps she had seriously quarreled with Steve Hannagan.

At least, during the time Ann was at the Racquet Club she certainly had nothing on her mind but Clark. So much so that in the intimacy of this small club hotel the two soon became taken for granted and no longer a matter of curiosity.

Abruptly, the holiday was over. Ann returned to Hollywood. On the heels of her departure came news that Steve Hannagan was flying to the Coast. He does that frequently in any event—but now he had real reason. Perhaps now, when their friends had long since ceased to speculate on possible marriage, Ann and Steve might have headline news to announce. (Though up to now Ann seems to have had a "why marry him and spoil a beautiful friendship?" attitude.) Or, a battle could be in prospect. Whatever was in store, Clark stayed on for a few days in the desert, looking noticeably lonesome, absent-minded and completely disinterested in the ladies who remained.

Away from the immediate proximity of the swift, exciting romance between Ann and Clark, the ill-informed were inclined to disregard the entire affair as trivial gossip, particularly since neither bothered to confirm or deny the obvious. Even if they had, any veteran reporter will assure you that Hollywood denials are often synonymous with the word proclamation.

Now, let's see what happens. THE END
(For the Gable-Davis story see page 52)

MODERN SCREEN



"Your job is just to release them, Pettiman; it isn't necessary to spur them on!"

CAN JUDY GARLAND LOVE AGAIN?

(Continued from page 24)

after she finishes *Annie Get Your Gun*. That musical may be completed by the time you read this, and Judy may already have ordered her attorney, David Tannenbaum, to file the divorce petition.

Reconciliations in Hollywood are legion, and the possibility exists that Judy and Vincente may have one. In fact they may be giving their marriage another try at this very moment. But the probability seems remote, since Judy has come right out and said flatly, "Vincente and I have come to the realization that we're happier apart. I'm sorry to say that, but it's true. We tried very hard to overcome the difficulties of incompatibility. But it just won't work."

Put yourself in Judy's position for a few moments. Go back to June 7th, 1945. Her divorce from David Rose, the composer, had just become final. She'd had a tough two years with David. He was so taut, so on-edge, especially when he was working and composing such memorable music as "Holiday for Strings."

She'd tried, Lord knows how she'd tried, to make that first marriage a success. But she was young and David was drafted into the Army and there was a war and somehow the two of them just couldn't straighten things out.

a new leaf . . .

But now that was done with. A clean white page was coming up. Thanks to Vincente, she'd made a successful transition from child pictures to mature roles. Her agents were going to re-negotiate a contract at MGM, and it looked very much as if she'd average \$3,750 a week from there on in.

Best of all, she was overwhelmingly in love with Vincente. She was going to marry him next week—on June 15th, 1945—and then there'd be the honeymoon in New York.

Then she became Mrs. Ben Vincente Minnelli for better or for worse. She was married at her mother's house, and wore a wonderful silk jersey gown of pearl gray. Ira Gershwin was Vincente's best man; her sister was her bridesmaid. The whole world looked good, golden, and glorious.

Nine months later, she gave birth to her first child, Liza. Liza was a cute little trick, with her father's piercing brown eyes and high Latin forehead and just the warmest, friendliest way of cuddling up.

But somehow, after the birth of little Liza, Judy and Vincente didn't seem to get along too well. Quibbles developed into quarrels. They were both extremely sensitive, both very high strung. Vincente, one one occasion, left home for the night. The studio announced that she was going to appear opposite Fred Astaire in *Easter Parade*. She knew what a perfectionist Astaire was.

She wondered and worried about Astaire, about her career, about her home, about her child, about her marriage. Her happiness seemed to be ebbing away. The Hollywood gossips began to spread rumors. They said she and Vincente were finished. They said Judy couldn't sleep. They said she was so nervous she had to use sleeping pills all the time. They said she and Vincente were separating.

The rumors continued, and she began to lose weight, and she knew deep in her heart that some of those rumors were true. But she had to deny them. She couldn't admit to anyone, least of all herself, that this marriage was a failure, too.

76 She lost more weight. She kept making

pictures all the same. But the evidences of her unhappiness became clear-cut. Her cheeks became hollow.

L. B. Mayer, chief of the studio, called her in and said, "Judy, I think you need a rest after your last two pictures. You've been working too hard."

Ginger Rogers was given the role originally scheduled for Judy in *The Barkleys of Broadway*, and Judy broke down and wept.

Gradually, her health improved and she was put into *In the Good Old Summertime*, but simultaneously, her marriage to Vincente seemed to be going on the rocks.

When *The Good Old Summertime* was over, she realized that she and Vincente couldn't keep on like this. Before she started *Annie Get Your Gun*, which may turn out to be really the greatest role in her career, she had to make a decision.

She talked it over with Vincente. It was useless to pretend any longer; it was senseless to attend all the parties around town and play-act that they were divinely in love. Too many people knew or suspected the truth.

It was like sticking a knife into her own heart, but she just had to do it. She picked up the phone and rang Hedda and Louella. "I'm very sorry," she managed to blurt out, "but Vincente and I have separated."

That's the position Judy Garland is in at the moment of this writing.

Actually, the major difficulty in Judy's marriage was and is that she and Vincente are too much alike. They don't complement each other. They have the same strengths, the same weaknesses.

Both of these charming people are high-strung and extremely tense; both are subject to artistic and temperamental moods of elation and despair. They are both incredibly sensitive—the key to their great talents, of course—but it is the kind of aroused, attenuated sensitivity that wears the nerves and eventually plays havoc with one's outlook. It has done so particularly in Judy's case.

At this moment, Judy will talk to no one about the feelings locked tightly in her soul. And her Hollywood friends, of which there are dozens, are genuinely worried about whether Judy is capable of loving and marrying again—or wants to.

Some believe that she is so disillusioned

about matrimony that from here on, she may devote herself exclusively to her career and her child. She sees little Liza every day, as does Vincente. And they both would be tickled silly if Liza developed into an actress.

The baby has already played with her mother in *In the Good Old Summertime*, and Judy says, "Liza can be in any picture that I'm in or any film that her father's directing. I started in show business when I was three, and I'm sure it didn't hurt me a bit."

Show business may not have hurt Judy, but two unsuccessful marriages have left their mental scars on her—and it may be some time if ever, before she tries a third.

Meanwhile, she may be remembering the advice David Rose gave her when they separated. "Listen, Judy," he'd said. "Don't go home to your mother. Live your own life for a while. Find yourself. Find out what you're like and what you really want."

Perhaps she never did give herself this chance. Caught up in the rush of her career, and emotionally exhausted, she found a haven in Vincente. If she had waited longer, if she had thought it over more carefully, she might have chosen a different sort of man—one who would have been as good a husband for her as Vincente was a director.

To have loved and lost twice at 26 is surely no heinous crime—although it may leave a bitter taste. But bitterness comes slowly to the girl who found it in herself to say to David Rose, "I'll never in my life be sorry I married you . . . you've always been so kind, David. I'll never forget it. I'll never be sorry."

learn by living . . .

And later, after testifying for her divorce, she rushed to the phone to call him. "David, I didn't mean any of those horrible things I had to say about you. Don't read the papers, David. . . ."

It is Judy's nature to live fully and to learn by the acceptance of life, however stern its teaching. She's been learning for a long time. When she was 14 and they kept promising to put her in pictures they later gave to other youngsters, she grew restless and miserable and sick. Her mother even asked Mr. Mayer to give the whole thing up, at least till Judy was older.

"I didn't know you had a glass chin, Judy," said Mr. Mayer.

Her hand flew up to it. He smiled, "You've got to take things on that chin every so often," he'd said. "As long as it's not glass, we don't have to worry."

Lessons learned in childhood are not easily forgotten—especially not by Judy, who today feels that failure in any field is unthinkable. To fail as a woman, at 26, would not be Judy's way.

She is not the kind to shut herself off from love or marriage, or to deny them as unnecessary for happiness. Her intelligence and her zest for life would not come through so beautifully in her screen performances if they did not stem from depths within her.

So it isn't hard to believe that, once she's straightened out emotionally, she again will find a partner with whom to share the joy and the pain of everyday living. Perhaps the man in her life will once more be Vincente Minnelli. Perhaps it will be another. But whoever it may be, Judy Garland will again love and be loved in return.

THE END



"Maybe we could say we were kidnapped!"

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

FLAMINGO ROAD—"If I Could Be With You" by Kay Starr** (Capitol); Herb Jeffries** (Exclusive); Gwenn Bell* (Manor); Doris Day* (Columbia); Bill Lawrence (Victor); Art Lund (MGM); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Phil Brito (Musicraft). Remember this one? The late Henry Creamer, a veteran vaudevillian from Virginia, wrote it in 1929 (he also gave us *Dear Old Southland* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*). Now it's a big movie revival. Wish I could recommend you the original Louis Armstrong version, but alas, it's out of print.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—"I Only Have Eyes For You" by Al Jolson* (Decca); Billy Eckstine* (National); Kate Smith (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol); Coleman Hawkins (Mercury); Freddy Gardner (Columbia).

A hit of 1934 which seems to be sung in the picture by Larry Parks (but needless to add, that ain't Larry's larynx).

MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM—"Miss In Between Blues" by Toni Harper* (Columbia).

Twelve-year-old Toni gives a delightful description of the so-called awkward age.

ROADHOUSE—"Again" by Doris Day* (Columbia); Tommy Dorsey* (Victor); Vic Damone* (Mercury); Art Mooney (MGM); Vera Lynn (London).

Day, Dorsey and Damone do delightfully.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—"The Right Girl For Me" by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia).

TULSA—Title song by Jack Kilty* (MGM).

WIZARD OF OZ—Album of four sides by Joel Herron* (MGM).

WMGM's musical director does a neat job with *Over The Rainbow, We're Off To See The Wizard, If I Only Had A Brain* and *Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead*. Good, typical movie music.

POPULAR

BOB CROSBY—"Need You" (Columbia).

VAUGHN MONROE—"Riders In The Sky" (Victor).

"BOPULAR"

CHUBBY JACKSON—"Father Knickerbopper" (Columbia).

DAVE LAMBERT—"Always" (Capitol).

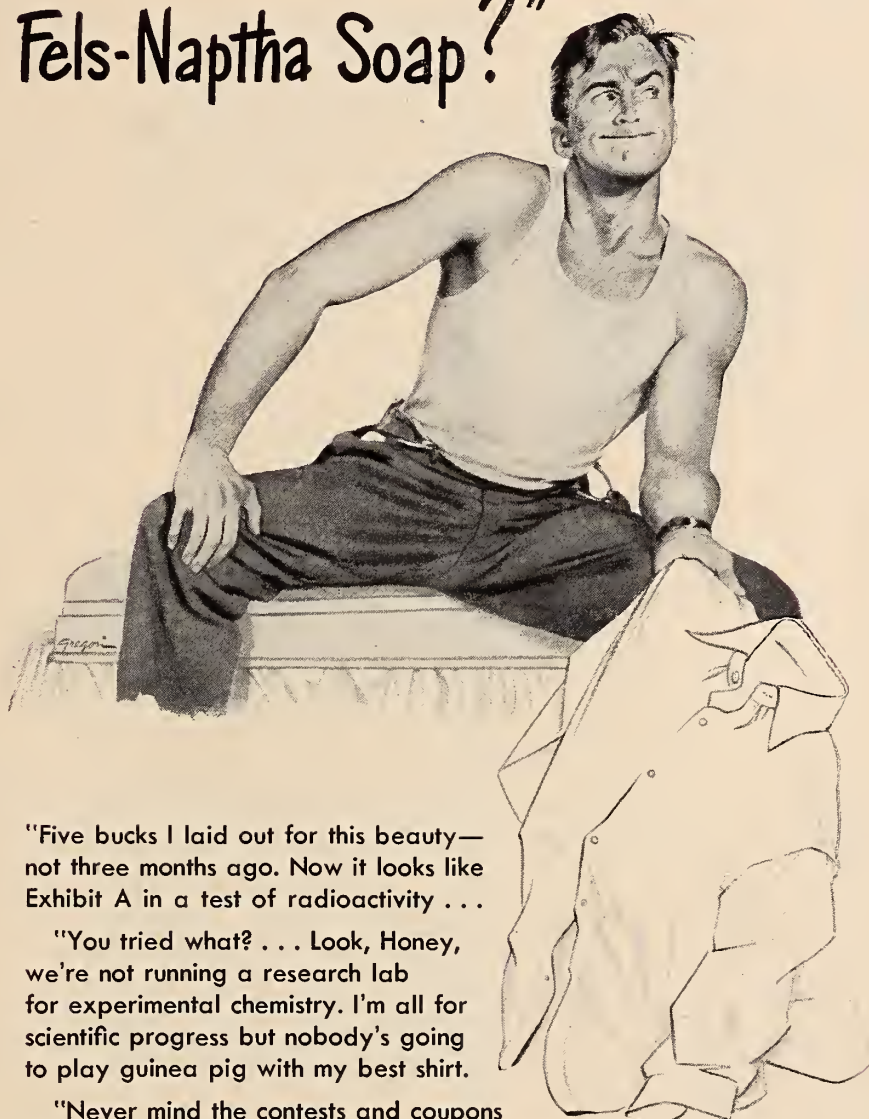
RED NORVO—"Dee Dee's Dance" (Brunswick).

EDDIE SHU—"Flamingo" (Rainbow).

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—"In The Land of Oo-Blah-Dee" (King).

Chubby has an exciting new 14-piece band; Dave Lambert does wonders with a 12-piece boppish vocal choir. Red Norvo features vibes, clarinet and guitar in a polite, easy-listening brand of bop. Mary Lou does a cute bop novelty sung by Pancho Hagood, ex-Gillespie vocalist. Eddie Shu, to this reporter, is the most amazing new jazz star in years. Plays terrific alto sax, great clarinet, trumpet, and, of all things, bop harmonica. He and his quintet make their disc debut with *Flamingo* and *Two Pair o' Shu's*, featuring just about every talent he has.

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"You tried what? . . . Look, Honey, we're not running a research lab for experimental chemistry. I'm all for scientific progress but nobody's going to play guinea pig with my best shirt.

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FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY DRESS

(Continued from page 51)

dinner was announced. The fragrance of steaming silver casseroles filled with tomato rarebit was a beautiful lure. There we found other delicacies spread before us. There were twin trays of jelly-glazed baked ham decorated with large slices of baked apples, green peas, tossed salad, scalloped potatoes, and the most wonderful crab meat and avocado in aspic that any of us had ever tasted. The dessert was fresh strawberry pie (made with whole berries) topped with whipped sour cream. Glory be!

Some of the recipes had been in the Stack family for generations. (For a few of these recipes, see our *Fan Fare* department on page 82—Ed.)

The boys gallantly volunteered to prepare trays for the girls.

Jack Agar, with a stately bow, presented us Churchills with our dinners. (Not that we minded, but it *might* have been better if he hadn't filled over half of our plates with delectable but calory-filled scalloped potatoes.)

Martha Hyer and Dick Jackson migrated out to the flagstone terrace to eat their dinners. Here, Bob had umbrella tables and chairs set up.

Others, more venturesome, walked down the narrow stepping-stone path, bordered with camellias, to dine beside the swimming pool. This was heavenly. A warm night, a ceiling of stars, jasmine and honeysuckle heavy in the air, and—leave us face it—heavenly food. . . .

After dinner, Don O'Connor decided that now was the time to play games. Dick Flato—who has the killer role in *Vendetta*—gave Don a crafty glance as he suggested that oldie, Drop the Handkerchief.

Tony Curtis immediately excused himself from participating. Tony, you see, was wearing the dashing Beau Brummel outfit Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had sported in *The Fighting O'Flynn*. And the skin-tight trousers were just that—skin tight. "As far as I'm concerned," he announced, "if any fair lady drops her handkerchief tonight, I'll just have to let it lie there—for security reasons!"

Thereafter we played everything from charades to monopoly. The latter was at Don's request. The guy won every game.

By the time "Diamond Jim" O'Connor's winning streak was over, we were all too weary to compete. So we went exploring in the trophy room. Here, Bob keeps part of his umpteen (we counted 30 on one table alone) medals and awards for sailing, flying, skeet-shooting, polo and just about every sport but jacks.

Though we literally had to drag Bob into the room, we did finally wring out one statement about his interests in sports. Seems his fervor for death-defying motor-

cycle and motorboat racing is getting to be a thing of the past. When he was an aerial gunnery instructor in the Navy, one of the new recruits accidentally shot 25 holes into his plane. It was then that Bob decided that if he ever lived to be a civilian, he'd take it a bit easier. Dying in bed holds a great appeal for him, now.

Also in the room was Bob's desk, piled high with papers, books, and letters. (It looked almost as cluttered as does ours when we're writing our newspaper movie column.) Right next to the desk is where the phonograph console usually sits.

"But," groaned Bob, "I got ambitious. Thought it would be more convenient to have the records and paraphernalia on the patio." The moving job proved to be a little more strenuous than he'd anticipated—for the console weighs 400 pounds. After one push, he'd called for reinforcements.

But the effort had been worthwhile—at least, for those who hadn't had to labor! The phonograph kept spinning most of the evening. Even in the trophy room you could catch faint strains of the "Polonaise" or the last chorus of "So In Love."

When we returned to the patio, we found Annie Rooney trying out a second piece of pie for size. She'd planned in from New York that afternoon and was a house guest of the O'Connors. Just before we'd left for the party, Don and Gwen had frantically called us with the stimulating question of where to find a costume for Annie at eight o'clock on a Saturday night.

The problem had finally been solved when Gwen had taken a large hem in one of Annie's black dresses, added a doily atop her brown locks, and presented her with a duster (vaguely resembling a dish mop). *Viola!* She was a French maid.

All evening Shirley and John wore matching smiles and looked as pleased as punch. Thirteen-month-old Linda Susan had soloed for the first time that morning. Shirl had been bedded with the sniffles for several days and had been isolated from the baby. When she recovered, Su-Su had been so glad to see her that she'd promptly started walking toward her.

The balloons and serpentine, which had been neglected up until now, were rediscovered. Mike North and Dick Flato entered into a balloon-blowing marathon. It wasn't until Mike was blue in the face from puffing into his balloon that Barbara Lawrence let him in on the fact that there was a pinsize hole in the bottom of it.

Guy and Gail were back doing their Latin-American antics and rapidly gaining converts. We all finally formed into a long conga line and—one, two, three, ugh!—wove around the living room and den.

Footloose and fancy dress—that we were, that we were!

THE END

Special offer to our readers

The 1948-49 edition of MODERN SCREEN's exclusive "Super-Star Information Chart" is something no real fan should be without. It's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of over 500 of your favorite stars—complete with birthdates, hobbies, real names, recent pictures and inside facts. To obtain your copy, send 10¢ in coin, plus a large self-addressed, stamped (3¢) envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y. Send soon!

your letters . . .

EVIL INFLUENCE?

Dear Editor: I'm writing in regard to the story, "Hollywood's Amazing Love Squabble," in your May issue. I can't see why the Flynns and the Haymes don't take up permanent residence in Reno so they'll save time and traveling expenses on their divorce jaunts. I also cannot see why Modern Screen stoops to flaunt such sordid stories in the faces of decent citizens. If these stars don't have the slightest regard for dignity and good taste, why encourage their romantic escapades with publicity?

EDNA MARTIN, LAKE CITY, FLORIDA

Dear Editor: I think the publicity you gave Robert Mitchum was truly bad. You seemed to be painting a very pleasant picture of a man who had done wrong. This is certainly an evil influence on the young and easily impressed children of our land.

EMILY CHAVER, PORT HUENEME, CALIF.
(*Modern Screen's coverage of the Mitchum story and other stories of news interest is based on fact alone. The magazine does not endorse anyone or anything by the mere fact of reporting what has actually happened.—Ed.*)

SPOTLIGHT ON HAYWORTH

Dear Editor: I've just read Eduardo Cansino's story in your April issue, and I don't blame Rita, either! She's a movie star in love with a Prince, and she's not afraid to show it—that's bound to rate a spotlight. Naturally, the papers tear the couple to pieces editorially. It's noticeable that the Merle Oberon-Count Cini and Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini romances have gotten by with comparatively few headlines. Why pick on Rita?

GLORIA STRAUS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ARE PARENTS HUMAN?

Dear Editor: I think Margaret O'Brien ought to be ashamed of herself. I had a stepfather when I was her age, and you can be sure I didn't put on any acts in public. I love my stepfather and he has made our home a happier place to be in. Let Margaret try to love her new father and she will be a happier girl.

MARION BRADY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Editor: Your May editorial seems to give only one side of the Margaret O'Brien story. Of course, her mother does have a right to lead her own life, but you must consider the sort of life Margaret has been leading before you berate her. She's been in movies since she was a tiny girl. I don't imagine that this makes for an exactly normal life, especially if Margaret is, as she appears to be, an extremely sensitive child. You asked, "Are parents human?" I say that children are human, too, and even the brightest cannot be expected to act with the wisdom of mature people.

LYDIA BASS, NEW YORK CITY

ORCHIDS DEPARTMENT

Dear Editor: This is just a line to thank you for your enjoyable publication. I particularly want to rave about the movie reviews by Christopher Kane. More than once I've laughed aloud at some especially witty line that appeared in Miss Kane's review. This is the first "fan letter" I've ever written, but I hope I have many more occasions to say "bravo" to your movie reviewer and your magazine.

LORETTA KABAK, BRONX, NEW YORK

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go in swimming . .

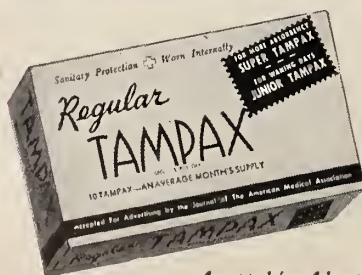


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80 Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

AVA GARDNER'S GREATEST GAMBLE

(Continued from page 29)

the studio's Number One sex-appeal star.

The truth of the matter is that Ava has long been paralleling Lana's own meteoric rise. Whether or not she can maintain the pace depends not upon dramatic ability, for Ava has more than enough to warrant a spot at the top of the ladder, but upon temperament. All the dramatic ability in the world is not going to pull her through if she can't control her emotions.

Early in her career, Ava was living proof of what can happen to a naïve country girl dropped into the middle of the Hollywood maelstrom. Success and publicity went to her head with all the devastating effects of too much champagne. It was all so easy. She had only to flick her finger and people rushed to do her bidding. She was Ava Gardner, MGM's brightest new light, and she made the natural mistake of confusing a publicity build-up with genuine stardom. She had not yet learned that stardom carries with it the sobering responsibilities of hard work and getting along with people.

danger signal . . .

Here and there along the way, little warning signs cropped up, signs which she ignored simply because she could not recognize them. One night she had a dinner date with David Street, a date which she took to be part and parcel of her due as a star—out on the town with a handsome and popular young bachelor, out on display at all the right places. But right after dinner, David said he was sorry, that he had to work next morning and would have to take her home early.

"But David," she pouted, "I want to go to Ciro's, and then to the Mocambo. It's much too early to go home."

"I'm sorry, Ava," David said quietly, "but I have a heavy schedule tomorrow and I have to be fresh for it. And you have to be at the studio yourself in the morning."

"I don't care," Ava cried, furious. "I'm not going home this early."

But she went, for David had long since learned that work and play can be mixed only in the proper proportions. Ava was so angry she didn't speak to him for months. The little warning sign was lost on her entirely.

It was shortly after that that Ava rushed headlong into her ill-fated marriage with Mickey Rooney. And perhaps one of the reasons for its failure was Ava's own failure to realize that her happiness depended on the happiness of others. Her thoughts were still centered on only one person: Ava Gardner.

An incident at a luncheon one day with several of her studio associates threw this attitude of hers into bold relief. As they were leaving the restaurant, she noticed that several people at the next table had their heads together, whispering. She was sure they were talking about her. Out of earshot, she turned to one of her friends and asked anxiously, "Weren't they talking about me? What were they saying?"

He looked at her oddly. "Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"What were they saying?" she demanded. "They were saying," he replied drily, "that there goes Mrs. Mickey Rooney."

Not Ava Gardner, but Mrs. Mickey Rooney. Ava didn't know it, but that marked the beginning of the end of her marriage. Her disappointment at not being recognized for herself was the tip-off on her own estimation of herself. No marriage can last when a woman is not willing to be known as her husband's wife. Ava

was still primarily interested only in Ava.

Hollywood, meanwhile, had relentlessly cut the cloth of Ava's personality to fit its own design. Her delightful North Carolina drawl was put through the meat-grinder of voice lessons until her voice had lost every shred of individuality. She was taught how to walk, how to dress, how to express emotion with her face and hands. Hollywood was still a starry heaven to Ava, and what could be more divinely perfect than to have a "Made in Hollywood" label sewed tightly to her brand new personality? She reveled in it. What young girl wouldn't?

But what young girl could survive it? Ava gave no thought to the hundreds and hundreds of girls who had walked this same path before her, sacrificed their individual personalities upon the altar of machine-tooled "glamor" and lost forever the chance to be a person instead of a product. Ava had never heard of them. Perhaps it was just as well, for it might have undermined her confidence in herself. She was still under the impression that Hollywood's way was the right way.

It was Artie Shaw who blasted her out of her happy day dreams, shook the complacency out of her as a terrier shakes a rag doll, and taught her that emotions are not just a toy to be played with in front of a camera. Artie Shaw reached down into the very heart of her inner being and breathed life into that spark of North Carolina individuality that Hollywood had almost succeeded in putting out. Artie Shaw woke her up to reality with a jolt. In unlocking her emotions he uncovered an actress. The finishing school automaton disappeared once and for all.

Their marriage lasted only a year, but it was long enough for Ava to realize that there were other things in life besides night clubs, glamor and adulation. She learned that there were books to be read, music to be heard, history and art and philosophy to be studied. She learned that home, not Hollywood, was the true center of a woman's life. Above all, she learned about love.

Whatever it was that broke up the mar-

a midsummer's
dream
june allyson
on the
august cover
of
modern screen
on sale
july 8

riage of Ava Gardner and Artie Shaw, it was clearly not a lack of love. Ava has since been heard to say that she has never loved anyone as she loved Artie Shaw, that she still loves him, that she will always love him. Time has a way of dimming the torch, but it has not yet been three years since Ava and Artie called it a day—and Ava has not yet been heard to proclaim her love for anyone else.

She wants to go home, but it must be a home of her own making, her own extremely careful choosing. If Ava marries again, it must be, this time, for keeps.

And what of Ava and MGM—and Lana?

It's no longer a secret that Lana had been her studio's prime headache for more years than Hollywood cares to remember. When it finally began to appear that her drawing power at the box office might eventually be harmed by the unfortunate publicity that Lana seems to attract as sugar attracts flies, studio executives began to cast about for insurance—insurance in the form of a new and stellar name. Ava Gardner could be it, if only the right role in the right A picture could be found.

Fate took a hand here, for Ava's career and the education of her own private emotions had reached just the right psychological moment for a "slick" role at the precise moment *The Hucksters* came up for casting. The second lead opposite Gable fitted her like a glove. It was too small a part for Lana Turner, too big for a hopeful starlet. It was just right for Ava.

a star is born . . .

There are those who will tell you that *The Killers* made Ava Gardner, but Hollywood insiders know better. It was her performance opposite Gable in *The Hucksters* that put the final, authoritative stamp of big-time stardom, the MGM kind of stardom, on the beautiful North Carolinian. It was that picture, and that picture alone, that qualified her for a future in productions opposite the biggest male stars in Hollywood. She drew the lead with Robert Taylor in *The Bribe*, and was tapped for *Great Sinner* opposite Gregory Peck. She'll match strides with Spencer Tracy and James Stewart in *Operation Malaya*.

The real truth about Ava Gardner is just this: She escaped the rocky road to oblivion by a hair's breadth. She had the moral courage to take to heart a cruel and bitter lesson, the kind of lesson that is dished out at top speed in Hollywood, a ruthless speed that has broken the will of more than one young hopeful. She has learned that publicity-fed glamor and adulation is a dangerous quicksand. She has learned that you get out of life only what you put into it. Above all, she has learned to grow up. She has discovered her emotions and knows now that they are real and living feelings, not merely facial expressions.

Ava, today, is an actress. Yesterday, she was just a pretty young girl to be exploited by the publicity department. She leaped the gap between the two with only an inch to spare—but that inch spelled the difference between success and failure.

Why, then, is Ava sitting on a keg of dynamite? The answer is very simple. Like a patient who has passed the crisis and wants to be up and around, Ava does not yet know her own strength. This time she has real stardom, but real stardom can be even headier than the tinsel variety which almost proved her undoing. Backed by the harsh lessons of the past seven years, will Ava choose to meet her new responsibilities intelligently and courageously? Her friends say she will. Her studio is betting three big pictures that she will. But only Ava has the power to prove them right or wrong.

Ava stands at the true crossroads of her career.

THE END

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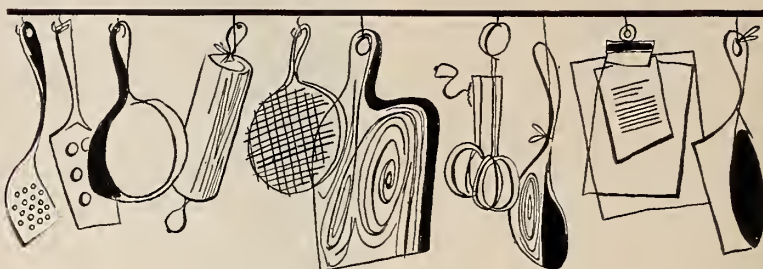
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is great listening —
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**Tune in every day
Monday thru Saturday
on your local ABC station.
Check your newspaper for
scheduled time of
"MODERN ROMANCES"**

fan fare



Reba and Bonnie Churchill had to corner Bob Stack before he'd part with any of these recipes. They were used at his Fancy Dress party (see page 48) and have been in his family for many years. Try them out on your Saturday night gang; they'll come running for seconds.

tomato rarebit

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 pound sharp cheese, grated | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| 1 (10½ ounce) can condensed tomato soup | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 egg yolks | English muffins or crumpets, toasted and buttered |
| 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce | |
| 1 teaspoon dry mustard | |

■ This can be kept warm in double boiler for a half hour before serving. Heat grated cheese and tomato soup in top of double boiler until cheese melts. Beat egg yolks slightly, add Worcestershire sauce, dry mustard, and blend. Add to cheese mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and salt. May be thinned with milk or tomato juice, if desired. Serve on well-buttered, toasted English muffins or crumpets. Serves 8.

crab and avocado in tomato aspic

(alternate dish for tomato rarebit)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatin | 1 pound flaked cooked crab meat |
| 2¼ cups tomato juice | 1½ avocados, peeled and diced |
| ½ teaspoon salt, or to taste | ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, or to taste |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice, or to taste | |

■ Allow gelatin to soften in ¼ cup cold tomato juice. Heat remaining tomato juice and dissolve gelatin in it, stirring thoroughly. Add salt, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce if desired, and cool. Arrange avocados in mold with crab meat. When tomato mixture has thickened to consistency of unbeaten egg whites, pour over diced avocados and crab meat. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. May be made the day before, if convenient. Serves 8 to 10.

scalloped potatoes

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 8 medium potatoes pared, cut in slices | Flour for dredging |
| 2 large onions, sliced | 4 tablespoons butter |
| Salt and pepper | Top milk |

■ Arrange a layer of sliced potatoes in buttered baking dish, then a thin layer of sliced onions. Sprinkle with a tablespoon (or a little more) flour, salt and pepper. Dot with butter. Continue layers until dish is filled. Add milk until it may be seen through top layer. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until potatoes are tender. Serves 8.

SMALL WONDER

(Continued from page 33)

sort of reaction, but also sympathy. "I know just how she feels."

Mr. Preminger didn't seem to like that. "You do?" he asked, a little suspiciously. "I mean—how wonderful for her—the baby . . ." she had said hastily.

"Oh! Yes. . . Well, she can't play the part and that means you'll do it. You'll start right after *A Letter To Three Wives*."

Jeanne heard herself thanking him as he took her to the door. When she was walking away he called out, "Goodbye, Lucky!"

And knowing that her own baby was definitely, even decidedly, on the way, she could only smile back weakly. In her mind was a worry. "Can I get away with it?"

It hadn't been easy. There were days when she wished she'd volunteered the truth, had said, perhaps, "Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Preminger, but I just can't play Lady Windermere. You see, I, too, have been called for a Greater Role." It might have made as nice a scene as any on the screen.

She thought of this particularly on the day she had to put on one of the costumes, a regal drawing-room gown, which included an old-fashioned, whalebone corset to draw her into the wasp-waisted figure favored in Lady Windermere's time. No wonder she fainted toward the end of the picture, walking around with that bear-trap snapped around her middle! But it was hot that day, everyone agreed, and nobody suspected anything. And finally, the shooting was over.

Even then, with the baby hardly more than four months away, she'd made no announcement. She'd stayed on at the studio to pose for publicity shots, and even to make tests for further possible roles.

But she knew that nature was catching up on her steadily. There came a day when she realized that if she didn't say something soon, words would no longer be necessary. It was with relief that she and Paul told the world, and she went home to stay.

Now it was fun staying home and relaxing. They had a nice couple living with them who took care of all the household work and got along wonderfully with little Paul, who was now almost two. Jeanne whiled her days away easily and she even experienced something that hadn't happened at all with little Paul. It had left her a little disappointed at the time, because it was supposed to be a common experience with expectant mothers—a craving for odd tastes in food. That is, she had the craving, all right—but for what?

"Pickles?" suggested Paul, when the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



"I was watching them shoot a picture on the U.S.C. campus. The director asked me if I'd lend my sweater to one of the actors. I did, and after the scene was over the actor returned my sweater saying, 'Thanks. This is only my first picture so I'm sure you wouldn't want my autograph.' I insisted, however, remarking that some day he might become a star. He signed his name—Robert Montgomery."

H. Miner
Los Angeles, Calif.

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POPS UP! KLEENEX SAVES, SERVES SO MANY WAYS.

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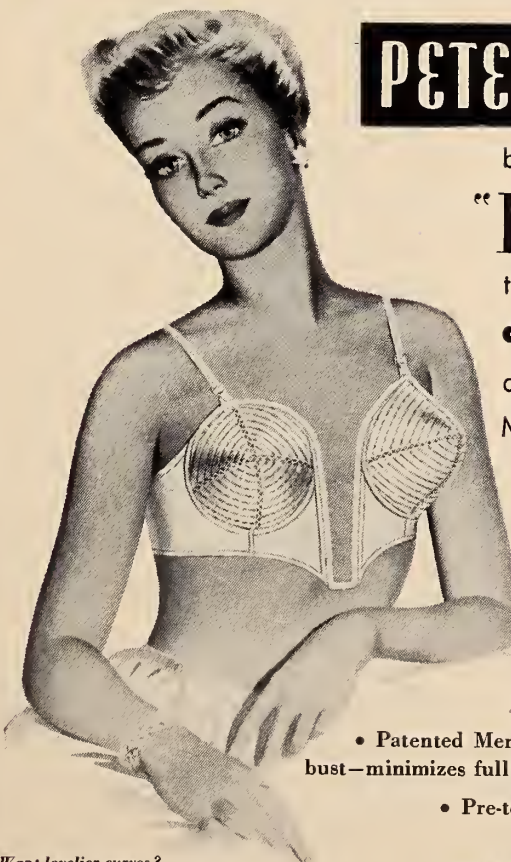
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thing had gotten to be quite a problem and would send Jeanne into deep studies about it. "That's what they're all supposed to want. Pig's knuckles, maybe? With toasted pound-cake? Wild cherries dipped in hollandaise?"

Then Paul took her for a ride. They had hardly turned onto Sunset Boulevard when Jeanne sat up straight. "That's it!" she cried, sniffing the air. "That's it!"

"That's what?" Paul asked, pulling the car to a stop. Jeanne was looking around for where the smell might have come from. A half block back there was a street peddler's hot-dog cart. Then she knew. "Hot dogs!" she said. "Hot dogs with chili sauce. That's what I've been wanting all this time!"

"Ah-h-h," mourned Paul, pretending a great disappointment. "I thought my wife at such a sublime time as motherhood would want something different from that. Something exotic, maybe."

"That is exotic," said Jeanne, dreamily. "Hot dogs with chili sauce! Oh-h-h . . ." And that's what they had.

help wanted . . .

Yes, the first few weeks at home were fun. She and Paul were never closer. They went out a lot. She found that if she rested a good part of the day she could go out with him without getting too tired. They were together more often than ever before, it seemed. And then . . . they lost their household couple. Rather, it was a case, first, of the couple losing each other. Something came between them and they said they could no longer work together in the house. They left. Jeanne found herself with the house, Paul Junior, and the day's meals all on her hands. The holiday was over.

She started in on her housework determined to handle it systematically. But she reckoned not on little Paul, on late deliveries from the market, on other things that could go wrong, and on spells of tiredness that would assail her without warning.

Little Paul's favorite sport was unrolling the paper towels in the kitchen. There were times when she stopped him. Then there were times when she couldn't leave what she was doing and decided it was worth the towel to have him safely occupied. But the trouble was, he was interested only in rolled towels; once he'd unrolled them, he walked indifferently away from the mess. Further, he got so adept at it that instead of taking an hour to get a towel unrolled, he learned to do it in 10 minutes. Then he'd be ready for something new. That would generally consist of pulling out one of the kitchen drawers and spilling the contents—silver, cookie-cutters and what not—all over the floor.

One day Jeanne was busy at the kitchen sink when she heard a crash just behind her. Little Paul had pulled a drawer out (leaping clear, as he had learned after his toes had been whacked the first time) and the floor was simply littered with everything, including a spaghetti-like heap of the paper towelling.

"Oh, Baby Paul!" she exclaimed, running to him. Just then there was a horrible noise from the sink. She didn't have to look to know what happened. A fork had slipped into the grinding garbage-disposal unit. She ran over, fished it out—knotted and gnarled like a pretzel—and stood looking at it ruefully. At that moment her husband chose to come home. He strode into the kitchen, looked at the havoc and then at her and little Paul. And then—he said it.

"I wonder how other women do it? Some women have four children and they manage somehow. What would you do if you had four children to care for as well as a house to run?"

That's what he'd said. That was exactly what her husband, Mr. Paul Brinkman, had said. . . .

Jeanne, still seated at her vanity on this early morning when she was preparing for her trip to the hospital, had to smile when she recalled this scene; her despondent feeling as she stood there in the kitchen, little Paul's bright face as he looked up at his daddy, and big Paul's words about "women with four children." She'd taken Paul seriously enough to go and talk to some friends of hers who had four children—and more. What did they do? They told her and she went back and told Paul.

"They just do what they can and that's all," she reported to him. "Sometimes they get everything done and sometimes they don't and just lie down and let the house go to pot. Or, sometimes, when the older children are big enough, they just sit and give orders. See?"

Paul had nodded. He was watching her closely.

"Any comment?" Jeanne had demanded. Something told him he had better not have any. "Oh, no!" he had replied. "No comment! I just wanted to know. It was—just a question, you understand. And now you've told me. Right?" He smiled brightly.

Shortly after that Paul showed up with another couple, an elderly pair. Jeanne welcomed them with a cry of delight. They grinned and replied—in French.

"They've just come over," Paul volunteered. "Can't talk English yet," he added, as if he had to.

It didn't work out. The couple was willing but revealed utterly no idea of the duties, and explanations, in view of the language barrier, were extremely difficult. Only one person in the family seemed to know how to make himself understood—little Paul. The international language of babies was as effective with the old couple as it was with his own parents—too much so. Jeanne and Paul realized little Paul was being spoiled by the old couple.

In two weeks, Jeanne was sole manager of her menage again. But by now she had fallen into a real system. If she was tired, she rested. If she saw little Paul playing with something he had taken from a drawer or off a table, she didn't call out or go racing after him. If the object wasn't worth over a dollar or so, and not made of glass or with sharp corners on which he could cut himself, she just forgot about it. The fireplace had been scrubbed clean and was no longer a fireplace; it was strictly little Paul's house and he could play in it as



that's hollywood!

Now listed among Hollywood's backstage literary classics is William Powell's reply to a correspondent who wanted to know how, despite his age, he managed to keep so physically fit.

"I have a swimming pool," the star replied. "Every day I give it a long and critical look. I think a lot about tennis, and I talk a good game of golf. After that I start to worry because I never get enough exercise. Worry makes me lean. Leanness is fitness. And there you have it."

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

much as he wished. If he happened to pull out a drawer and everything spilled—why, he just pulled out a drawer and everything was spilled. She never even turned to look at it. And the result of all this? Well . . .

"You know, darling," said Paul, after he got home one night, "you're wonderful. Really wonderful. Even though the time is getting near and I know how hard it is for you, I come in and find you sweet and peaceful, and your temper not gone. How do you do it?"

"Oh," said Jeanne, shrugging modestly. "It's nothing, really. Just a matter of scientific organization."

When this last incident had recalled itself to Jeanne's mind and she had gone over it, chuckling, she heard a noise from the bedroom. She turned the dryer off and tiptoed to the doorway. It was getting light out and she could tell that Paul was waking up. She went back to the vanity and waited. She knew now why she had awakened feeling as she had. The fuss and fretting were over. It had been tough trying to take care of her home at such a time but it was all a worthwhile part of life. The fact that she had done her job to the best of her ability and had kept their lives in order meant she was now ready to go to the hospital feeling secure in herself, in her husband, in her home. The contentment had come from that.

There was a thump from the bedroom and she knew that Paul had jumped from bed. Then came the quick patter of his bare feet and he burst into the dressing room.

who's excited? . . .

"Hey! What are you doing up so early?" he demanded, worriedly. "Is it . . . are you . . . today . . .?"

"I think so," Jeanne replied. "I think we'd better go down this morning."

He looked at her a moment and then went over and touched the dryer. He pulled his fingers back quickly.

"It's hot!" he cried. "I bet you've been up for hours doing yourself. That's a fine thing! You know you should have rested as long as possible with what's ahead!"

She smiled, got up and put her face near to his. "Now remember, dear, you must be calm. You mustn't get in a dither."

"Well, just the same it's no joke," he said, his face getting an executive look.

"Yes, darling," she agreed, her voice very obedient.

"Can't take any chances you know!" he pointed out.

"Yes, darling," she repeated, as humble as before.

"At a time like this you have to . . ."

"Yes, darling," she had started to say again, but he had sensed that she was kidding him and now he reached for her . . .

* * *

When Michael Anthony Brinkman was born he weighed seven pounds, 11 ounces—four ounces less than his brother, Paul Frederick. But he was one inch longer than Paul. Right now he sleeps in the dressing room where his mother sat on the morning of his day of birth harboring such feelings of gratefulness to him. There is a room for him in the new nursery and by the time Michael is old enough for it, his father will have painted it blue instead of the pink it was originally done in. It seems that Jeanne was prepared if her second baby should be a girl. But now she has another boy—and she knows that means, among other things, more drawers upset, more paper towels unrolled, more ashes walked over her rugs and furniture, and a few new depredations that she is pretty sure Michael will be able to think up for himself. But she also knows that it takes all this to make a house livable. THE END

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these *Intimate Physical Facts*?



Before she marries—make sure she has scientific knowledge *she can trust!*

The practice of vaginal douching two or three times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat odor—has become so thoroughly recognized and recommended today, it's no longer a question of whether a woman should douche but rather what she should use in her douche.

And every woman should be made to realize this: Of all the liquid antiseptic-germicides tested for the douche—no other type proved SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE! *You can use ZONITE as often as you want without the slightest injury.*

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ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. ZONITE is strictly *non-poisonous, non-irritating*—truly a blessing to womankind.

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: Things are really jumping this month and we have more news of free offers from fan club prexies just dying to have you join. Remember though, no prexy wants you in her club unless you're really interested in the star or in club activities. Lots of people join clubs just to be free-booters, never contribute anything to it in the way of time, work or friendship and drop out as soon as their membership is over. So if you join one of our clubs, be sure you have something to offer... The Monty Clift club headed by Maryland Wong is offering a six-month free membership to the first 50 people who mention Modern Screen when writing to her. You get the half-year membership free after you join for a whole year. Her address is Eastman Rd., Cape Elizabeth, Maine... The **Barbara Lawrence** club is now headed by Dolores Olsen of 37 Willard St., Jamestown, N. Y. All former members of Barbara's other clubs are invited to join. Dolores also has a mimeographing service... The Milton Berle club is back in full swing and asking for new members. This is a slightly different club with no dues charged and lots of good fun... A new twist in club memberships is being offered by the Perry Como and Michael North fan clubs, both run by Margaret Staley. To the first 25 who write, Margaret is offering a year-and-a-half membership for one dollar, in addition to which the new member will receive a packet of clippings on three of their favorite stars... The **Macdonald Carey** fan club is having a membership drive and the winner will receive some wonderful exclusive pictures (of Mac, of course)... Bronx fans will be glad to know that we have a Perry Como club almost especially for them. Mary Bimonte is president and her address is 1508 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y....

Foreign members are welcome in most U. S. fan clubs and in case your country has strict regulations about sending money to other countries, you can probably work out some deal with the club you decide to join... George Diefenbach, president of the Dick Contino, Richard Melari, Harold Peck fan club is interested in 15 foreign members, and his address is 2607a, West State St., Milwaukee 3, Wisc. **Parties, clambakes, festivities and gatherings**... Club Friendship is making plans for its annual convention in August. This club is just what its name implies. Run mainly for shut-ins, the club is featuring special picnics and outings as part of their get-together. Souvenir hunting and swimming make up the rest of the festivities. Write to president Betty Petrie, Box 2620, Winston-Salem, N. C.... The **Penny Edwards** club met their honorary backstage while she was on a personal appearance tour... Ted Steele invited his members to his Television show and threw them a party afterwards... Local members of the Terry Moore fan club met in Terry's home in Glendale, California. Prexy Bob Waste and Terry were co-hosts and Terry answered clubbers' questions, posed for snaps and autographed journals... Frieda Hymer, secretary of the John Garfield club, met her honorary backstage where he is appearing in *The Big Knife*. They discussed his performance, club mat-



GLORIA LAMPERT
director

BEV OTT
associate

ters and had one fine time... The Jeanette MacDonald club, prexied by Martha Farrington, concentrated on sending seed packages overseas. These were distributed by CARE and Martha writes they'll have four gardens in Europe this year. Here is a nice new charity for other clubs to think about, as well... The **James Family Club** (Betty Grable and Harry James) has announced a new president. She is Doris Von Behren, 8401 Ardsley Drive, St. Louis 21, Mo.... Many of you club presidents have asked us to list your addresses in the column along with your name. We try to as often as we can, but many times space forbids, and in that case we'll be awfully glad to give any address to anyone who writes...

Prizes: We've had terrific response from ELGIN-AMERICAN compact winners. "Beautiful," "Lovely," are only two of the nice adjectives applied to this prize. As for this department, we've got nothing but raves for the compacts. They're lightweight, finished in jeweler's bronze and we know all of you correspondents will want to own one. The black velvet box that holds the REVLON KING'S RANSOM set looks like something for rare gems. Matter of fact, that's what the Best Editors will find inside... 7 lipsticks and a gold holder... fit for a queen! Strictly from a rainbow are the ENGER KRESS pastel colored billfolds. These prizes come in red, pink, yellow, green and blue. They're called Candlelight models and all you need is a pot of gold. We'll be devouring the journals looking for those Best articles. With summer nigh, we take it you'll be going on a vacation. The TANGEE TRIP KITS are just about the best excuse you could want for an excursion. The set is jam-packed with cosmetics. It looks like a million and so will you!

9th Semi-Annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST 5th Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Suppose," Wag Wag-ner, Ronald Reagan Journal. "What Perry Means To Me," Natalie Antonelli, Perry Como Journal (Staley). "Tall Tales," Jean Howard, Musical Notes Journal. "Meaningful Medley," Mary Petrone, Dorothy Shay Journal. "The Littlest One," Shirley Graham, Humphrey Bogart Journal. "An Answer to Who Knows," Marjorie Honey, Whitmore and Lowe Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. (Tied) Bob Crosby, Bette Davis. League 3. (Tied) Ron Randall Journal (Hreha). Charles Korvin Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Journal. League 3. Tied. Lilyan Miller, Virginia Field Journal. Carolyn Kubli, Doris Day Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Doris Dietrich, George and Dinah Shore Montgomery Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Jeanette MacDonald Journal (Riley). League 3. Marie MacDonald Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Corine Pilcher, Eddy Arnold Club. League 3. Madeline Watson, Elliot Lawrence Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola) (donation to Metropolitan Opera Fund). League 2. June Allyson Club (donation to crippled children's hospital). League 3. Gordon MacRae Club (donation to Infantile Paralysis Fund). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry Club. League 2. Bing Crosby Club (Ness). League 3. Michael Kirby Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Zelda Muliz, Ronald Reagan Club. Bernice Wigginton, Lanny Ross Club. John McNamara, Terry Moore Club. Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Fred Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Shirley Warren, Richard Jekel Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Jane Wymann Club (1550). Gene Autry Club (950). League 2. June Allyson Club (1300). Bob Crosby Club (1200). Joan Crawford Club (1050). League 3. Charles Korvin Club (1250). Ron Randall Club. Hreha (700). James Melten Club (700).

WHICH GIRL HAS THE GABLE? Nancy Davis . . .

(Continued from page 53)

have to go back to Clark's New York trip last winter when he appeared at the U. S. Air Forces show at Madison Square Garden. At parties and affairs all over town during his stay, a new beauty appeared with him. Together, they dropped in at a cocktail party at the Waldorf Towers given by the wealthy Tommy Royce. They lunched at 21 and dined at the Colony. They saw the Broadway shows. When they attended *High Button Shoes* the audience applauded Clark when he got to his seat, and he had to get up and take a bow. The eyes of everyone were very much on the girl with him as well. People everywhere kept asking, "Who is she?"

The first, quick identifications were wrong as usual. There was talk about her being a Continental belle, a wealthy heiress, an English girl he had met during the war. It took Louella Parsons to furnish the right answer, even if she was 3,000 miles away in Hollywood that night. She correctly named Nancy in her column and told of her being a young stage actress and the daughter of a Chicago brain surgeon, Dr. Loyal Davis. Shortly after the item appeared, Clark went back to the Coast, leaving Nancy behind in New York.

the eyes had it . . .

People who saw her around Manhattan after his departure expected to find her on the sad side. After all, she'd seemed radiant in his company, looking in every way like a girl who was having the most wonderful time of her life . . . and this wonderful time was now over. But, surprisingly enough, Nancy's manner didn't fit that part at all. In fact, she seemed happier than ever, acting more like a girl who knows something is *beginning*—rather than ending.

Naturally, some of her friends jumped to conclusions and were after her to talk about Clark. But she was evasive. She *looked* things, but didn't speak them. Yet, one late afternoon at a cocktail party at the home of one of her friends, Mrs. Shirley Wolfe, she couldn't restrain herself and had to say a few words. A guest, in from Hollywood for a visit, mentioned hearing that she and Clark had been seen together frequently.

"Oh, Clark is divine!" she is reported to have said. "I love him. He's the most charming man I have ever met."

In show business, things like this can be said without their meaning much. And girls who have said them have gone on to other things—and other men. But not Nancy. Not long afterwards, she was missing around New York. Not long after this, she was present in Hollywood—very much present. For soon word drifted around that she had a great big movie contract, same being with MGM, and MGM being, as if you needed to be told, the studio where Mr. Gable earns his bread-and-butter plus.

It must not be thought that Nancy was signed without the usual screen test being made to determine what her photographic and voice possibilities were. That is to say, a screen test *was* made. Yet there was little about it that could be called usual. In fact, it was such a gilt-edged operation all around, so well supervised artistically and technically to make sure nothing went wrong, that when the details got to be known, any number of aspiring starlets around Hollywood gulped their envy frankly to any and all who would listen. The sum of their remarks was, "It

should happen to me!" Or, as one girl, with a more direct mind, put it: "He should happen to me!"

The scene Nancy did was a sequence from *East Side, West Side*. As a rule, a new player is tested by whatever directing and camera personnel is available. But Nancy, as she herself explains, was "lucky." The director she had was Mr. George Cukor, just about the top man in his line in Hollywood, let alone MGM. In his career only the most precious of moviedom's stars have ever been assigned to him—from Garbo and Norma Shearer of old, on up to Greer Garson, Spencer Tracy, James Stewart and Deborah Kerr today. These are the sort of artistic responsibilities he ordinarily shoulders.

The cameraman, the fellow who can really influence the executives who see the test into saying either "Hello" or "Goodbye," was George Folsey. His job, too, is hardly that of merely testing new talent—he is among cameramen what Cukor is in the directorial field. Some of Folsey's pictures, both released and unreleased, include *State of the Union*, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, *The Great Sinner* and *Operation Malaya*.

How did the test turn out? Fine. Nancy had some honest words to say about it afterward. They were, "I don't know what I'd have done without them!"

And then, within two weeks after the test was made, an announcement was forthcoming from the front office which was quite in keeping with the general up-take of her career since she first saw Clark in New York. The studio declared that it was going to make *Death in the Doll's House*, from a recent best-seller, and that Nancy was the first actress to be assigned to it—in a major role. Subsequent announcements added Ann Sothern as the star, and along with her, little Gigi Perreau, the eight-year-old girl who scored such a triumph in *Enchantment*.

one world . . .

Since Clark's interest in her has become known, there has been a general weighing-in of Nancy's appearance and background, and the consensus has it that she runs very much in the mold of the sort of girls he likes. In her middle twenties, she is tall (five-feet-five sans heels) and slender (117 pounds). And since, in addition to there being the tradition of the stage in her family, she was also a Junior Leaguer in her deb days, she should not be out of place in Clark's world—which lately seems to include the social set.

Nancy's mother, Mrs. Edith Davis, was a well-known actress who worked with such greats as David Belasco, Chauncey Olcott and George M. Cohan. Nancy's godmother was the late Alla Nazimova—whom she pairs with the late Laurette Taylor as her all-time favorite actresses of the stage. (Incidentally, she and Clark agree on Spencer Tracy and Walter Huston as tops among screen actors.)

She started her education in The Girls' Latin School in Chicago and went on to become a Smith College girl in Northampton, Massachusetts, majoring in dramatics and English. While in high school in Chicago, she did a little radio work and was president of the dramatic club. During her summer vacations at Smith, she worked in stock in New England and Wisconsin, later in New York. She says, "I can't remember my exact 'start.' I always wanted to be an actress—used to watch my mother and stay backstage as

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much as I could." But she recalls vividly her first real job in New York after she left college. She tried for a job in Ramshackle Inn on the road, was turned down, then got it when the girl already signed suddenly quit. Later, she won parts in *Lute Song* and *Cordelia*.

Those who are wondering about her and Clark want to know if, beyond her ambition to succeed as an actress, she has anything else in mind for the future—something that might include Clark. This brings us to an ambition she has discussed which, she admits, is even greater than the first one—though she isn't naming names. "I want to have a successful, happy marriage," she says.

How about Clark on the same subject? His most familiar quote generally has to do with his marriage to Carole Lombard, to which he almost invariably refers in any conversation with a close friend. "It was a perfect thing. I never expect to find it again."

But Virginia Grey—a girl, incidentally, whom Hollywood once rated the logical choice to be the fourth Mrs. Gable—thinks that deep in his heart he has never given up hope of finding it. Others who share this belief about him are convinced that in the past year Clark has become disgusted with the aimless course of his bachelorhood.

irate iris . . .

There was something about the way he walked out on Iris Bynum at the Ocean House in the famous break-up of that affair some months ago, that may have been a tip-off. After they'd arrived together, Iris reportedly went off to dance with another man, leaving Clark alone. But it isn't like Clark to come even close to making a public scene or doing anything that might cause talk. Yet this time he marched out on Iris and refused to come back, though she went chasing after him. Iris thereupon sealed the end of that entente by commenting, when she returned, "Let him burn!" (It is a question whether or not he was burning—but he could hardly have been happy about the situation when it broke into the columns, since this isn't the kind of light he likes to be seen in.)

Marriage is very much in his mind. He has held on to his big valley ranch even though an apartment, or even a smaller house in Hollywood or Beverly Hills, would be much handier and certainly less expensive.

Clark has one well-known trait. He likes to give a new experience a whirl, no matter where it takes him, or in whatever company—but in the end, as he says, "I like to get back to my friends." In the end, these friends think, Clark, who was never as happy as when he was married to Carole Lombard, will find his way back to home-life again as a husband.

Nancy won't say whether or not she's the girl destined to be his wife. She just keeps busy with preparations for her first picture while Clark, in between pictures at this writing, spends his time golfing, making no appearances at parties or the night spots.

Where and when he and Nancy see each other (and under the circumstances Hollywood is pretty sure they do) hasn't come out yet. Maybe they will first be reported together at some unexpected place like Clark's golf club. Not that Nancy has ever played the game. The sports she has been active in are tennis and swimming. But when she told about them, soon after arriving on the Coast, she added, for whatever it might be worth, "I would like to learn golf."

And her chances look good. THE END
(For the Gable-Sheridan story see page 53.)

new faces



WALLY CASSELL'S first flyer into show business occurred when he got a job at the San Diego Exposition as a barker. No one discovered him there, so he went on to New York and landed song-and-dance jobs in summer stock. A long-term contract with MGM followed and on a loan-out, he made *The Story of G.I. Joe*, his first important movie. Wally was born in Italy on March 3, 1917, is 5' 10" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and is married. You saw him recently in *Saigon* and his latest is *We Were Strangers* for Columbia.



ALLENE ROBERTS wanted to be a waitress when she was very young because she thought that would be a good way of getting her fill of banana splits. As she grew up, she began to turn her thoughts toward acting and won a nation-wide contest with a screen test as a prize. The screen test didn't pan out, however, and her debut in television was discovered by Sol Lesser. Born on September 1, 1928, in Birmingham, Alabama, Allene is 5' tall and weighs 90 lbs. She plays Emma in *Knock on Any Door*.



RUTH ROMAN was born in Boston, Mass., on December 22, 1925, where her father ran a side show carnival. She got her acting experience in New England repertory theaters, and signed a contract with Selznick in 1945. After Belle Starr's Daughter, in which she starred, Stanley Kramer gave her a seven-year contract and a leading role in *Champion* with Kirk Douglas. She is 5' 4" tall, weighs 110 lbs., has brown eyes and reddish hair. You'll see her soon in *The Window*.



PETER MILES, who played David Niven as a boy in *Enchantment*, has had a very varied life considering the fact that he's only 11. He was born in Tokyo on April 1, 1938, but when he was three weeks old flew with his family to France. They left there in 1940 and shortly after arriving in this country Peter's little sister was born. She's now known as Gigi Perreau. In addition to his acting talent Peter is quite a good artist. He has grey eyes and blond hair and you've also seen him in *Family Honeymoon* and *Red Pony*.

HE COULD HAVE BEEN A BUM

(Continued from page 44)

UNION SETTLEMENT

Union Settlement, located at 237 East 104th Street in that section of Manhattan known as Spanish Harlem, has, since its founding in 1895, been an incalculable force for good in one of the poorest and most densely populated districts in America. A non-sectarian outfit run entirely by private donations, it gives health and family guidance and recreational facilities to some 55,000 New Yorkers in the area of 50 square blocks it serves. It arranges educational scholarships, operates two upstate summer camps, runs a play center for small children whose parents must leave them for work, holds dances, theatricals, basketball tournaments and so forth.

"Union Settlement," says Burt, "gave me my first real purpose in life. Maybe if it had never existed I'd still have managed to get someplace in the world. But maybe that's not likely. The way things worked out, it was my major springboard. It's been a vast help to thousands of others." Whenever he's in New York, Burt goes to the Settlement and talks to the kids there. And on the annual list of financial contributors, his name is always high.

skill in which Burt developed in the Union Settlement gym.

Consider his mother. By the time she died when he was 16, she'd instilled principles in Burt that he'll never lose. "To her," says Burt, "wrong and right were as black and white—and she brought up her kids accordingly. She was always telling us, 'Anything you get in life without earning it isn't worth a thing.'" Other kids in the impoverished neighborhood where Burt grew up might filch apples with nary a qualm; never the Lancaster brood.

That Burt was regarded as a comparatively model youth is proved by the fact that—if only for a month—he was an assistant Boy Scoutmaster. The pastor of Burt's church asked him to take over as assistant leader of the church Scout troop, even though Burt wasn't actually a Scout. This project went well enough for a time, although Burt thought woodcraft and knot-tying an awful waste of time. Besides, when it came time for their Saturday hike, the eager little men always had to go to his house and rout him out of bed. By mutual consent, Burt's tenure as a Boy Scout was ended.

The Lancasters were regular churchgoers. The church they attended stood next door to the Union Settlement House. One of the church activities was a group called The Mimes and Masquers.

Every year, the Lancaster boys, Jim, Bill and Burt, took part in the Christmas pantomime. Despite Burt's unfortunate debut, he continued throughout his youth to be active with The Mimes and Masquers. One of his most celebrated performances was given when he was 12, in a fantasy called *Three Pills and a Bottle*. Burt

played a wheelchair-ridden invalid. At the time, Richard Boleslavski—who eventually became one of Hollywood's ace directors—was a leading light in New York's American Laboratory Theater. He saw Burt in *Three Pills* and was eager to have him enroll as a student with the ALT. Burt balked. "You know how kids are," he says. "I was afraid if I seemed to be taking dramatics seriously, my pals would think I was a sissy or something."

In the summers, Burt and his brothers went to the Settlement's boys' camp—Camp Nathan Hale at Southfield, N. Y. Burt got to be a junior counselor and then a senior counselor. As a senior counselor, he was a pretty cocky guy. A group of five buddies decided they'd better take him down a peg. One night they seized him in his tent, carried him down to the lake, painted him green, and tossed him in. Burt was somewhat less imperious after that.

When he was 16, the year his mother died, Union Settlement arranged a basketball scholarship for him at New York University. Burt decided that, besides being a basketball star, he'd also like to make the NYU gymnastics team. He failed to make the team, but the effort introduced him to the third great influence of his youth: Acrobatics.

faraway places . . .

"Acrobatics," says Burt, "is a terrific character builder. It teaches you concentration, helps you to overcome fear, gives you wonderful discipline."

Burt's getting into this constructive activity happened this way:

Every afternoon, to repay Union Settlement for his NYU scholarship, Burt coached the lads at the Settlement house in basketball. One day, a small, muscular gentleman in his forties named Charles (Curly) Brent came into the neighborhood. Born in New Zealand, the son of a well-to-do Englishman, he'd been kidnapped by native Maoris at the age of two. He lived in a native village until 14, then was restored to his parents by a missionary. Shortly thereafter, he ran away from home. When he was 18, he saw his first circus, joined it as a waterboy, and became an acrobat. This career took him all over the world. Eventually, his hands were badly injured in an automobile accident and he could no longer trust them under the strains of regular horizontal bar work. He came to New York, got a job installing awnings, and then showed up at Union Settlement. He said he'd like to keep in shape by working out in the gym. Permission was granted.

Burt and a close pal named Nick Cuccia (who later became Nick Cravat) were immediately interested in this colorful newcomer. Nick, up to this point, had concentrated on boxing; at 18, he'd had a score of professional fights. But now he was helping Burt work up a few horizontal bar tricks. Here, in Curly, was a guy who obviously could give all kinds of helpful hints. He agreed to coach them. It was a fateful arrangement.

As the boys began to get pretty darned good, they also started thinking of professional careers as acrobats. Curly's tales of the glamorous life he had led—world travel, triumphs before crowned heads, vast monetary returns—fired their ambitions.

Then, after laboring on the project on and off for a year and a half, the boys completed, with Curly's advice and help,

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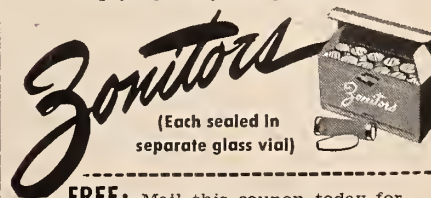
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a set of horizontal bars and a trampoline. (A trampoline is a large piece of canvas stretched tightly in a frame, upon which acrobats bounce.) In order to be near Curly's quarters in the neighborhood, they set up the equipment in the back yard of the Cement Masons and Helpers Union clubhouse. The masons and helpers were thereafter entertained, and occasionally alarmed, to see Burt and Nick leaping from a second-story fire-escape onto the trampoline, bouncing high in the air, and then coming down on the horizontal bars.

By the time Burt had finished his sophomore year at NYU, he and Nick felt they were ready; they would become professional acrobats. Burt's family, with the exception of his father, was intensely opposed. At best, they argued, it was a precarious profession. Burt's father, easy-going as ever, simply said, "Burt, if that's what you really want to do, go right ahead—and good luck."

Burt then abandoned any idea of further formal education. But just how to go about getting an engagement as a professional act was something they were a bit vague about. The Great Depression had set in, bookings were scarce and, of course, the boys were completely inexperienced. Curly had the obvious answer—an agent.

After hours of sitting in outer offices with unemployed one-man bands, dog trainers and Chinese magicians, they finally talked an agent into taking them on. Following another long wait, the agent called them with great news: He'd managed to get them a booking—three nights at the Bronx Opera House.

The fact that they'd receive no pay whatsoever was of small moment to the jubilant youths. All that counted was that now, at last, they were to perform professionally before a paying audience.

not in the act . . .

The great night came, and Burt, Nick and Curly—whom they'd persuaded to lend his seasoned if unsteady talent to the act—erected their gear on the stage. Nick, as the comedy element of the act, wore a derby hat and a handlebar mustache.

Everything went beautifully. Representatives of Ringling Brothers failed to pound on their dressing-room door afterward, but the audience had been enthusiastic.

The second night went equally well. So did the third—up to a point.

On that final night of the engagement, their devil-may-care routine came off superbly and, as the snare-drum rolled and Nick poised himself for a running leap upon the trampoline to execute the last stunt, the boys felt they were, indeed, in.

Nick ran, leaped, bounced high in the air, somersaulted, came down on a bar, swung off it, twisted around in flight, and expertly grasped the lower bar. At that, with a tremendous crash, the homemade gear collapsed on the stage.

The curtain was immediately rung down on the debris. Nick, unharmed, was assisted to his feet. The audience was roaring with laughter. Certain that the mishap had ruined them, Nick and Burt, despite the urgings of Curly, refused to go out for a bow.

Nick's brother, Lou, who'd been out front with Burt's family and dozens of other neighborhood supporters, rushed backstage to persuade the lads they weren't a flop. The comedy finish, he insisted, was a wow. They refused to be convinced, dressed morosely, and slipped away to a nearby soda fountain. There they sat, staring silently into their malteds, certain they were failures. How, after that amateurish climax, could they ever again get a booking? . . .

Almost three years went by—and sure

enough, no bookings were to be had. But this wasn't due to that first fiasco. Hundreds of well-established acts were unemployed in those days.

Curly Brent, after working for a time walking the streets on stilts bearing advertising signs, left for parts unknown. (Today, he's a flourishing chicken farmer in Connecticut.) Burt and Nick were not to be discouraged. Working at whatever odd jobs they could get, they continued to polish their acrobatic technique. At last they landed a job with the Kay Brothers traveling carnival, talking themselves into it by building up their Bronx Opera House appearance as a major triumph. . . . The salary? Well, the team got three bucks. (After a week, they were raised to five.)

When the 30-weeks' tour ended, Lang & Cravat were an established attraction. Now they were taken up by a good, big-time agent, whose clients included Cab Calloway and such top stars. But now the boys aimed at bookings in the better-paying field of night club and theater work. They had great difficulty getting these. Trouble was, the proprietors and theater managers took a dim view of having holes bored in their dance floors and stages—a thing essential to erecting the acrobatic gear.

Then they came up with a solution to their booking problem—a perch act. A perch act is one in which one man supports a long pole atop which gymnastic feats are executed by the other performer or performers. This, of course, requires no boring of holes. The new act was developed in the Settlement gym, to which they continued to repair for workouts between engagements.

Soon they were getting excellent dates—touring theater circuits with name bands such as Ozzie Nelson and Guy Lombardo. Then they signed on with another carnival to do two acts—the horizontal bar act plus the perch act. This arrangement resulted in some sudden improvisation.

They'd never done the perch act except indoors, where there'd be some point of reference overhead at which the pole could be aimed and hence kept in balance. When they attempted to do it outdoors in rehearsal at the carnival lot, they ran into trouble. The only points of reference overhead were clouds, and these just wouldn't stand still. After several tries, they concluded that the act would wind up with an excessively dramatic climax—somebody getting killed.

They told the manager. "But I signed



Burt Lancaster rehearses the act he did on his recent four-weeks tour with Cole Bros. circus. His new film is Hal Wallis' *Rope of Sand*.

you for two acts!" he growled. "What else can you guys do?"

"Just a minute," said Nick, and drew Burt off in a huddle.

"You know we haven't got another act!" said Burt. "What'll we do?"

"You," said Nick, "are gonna sing."

"You're nuts," said Burt. "What am I, John Charles Thomas?"

"Who knows?" said Nick.

Nick went over to the manager. "My partner has a great voice. For our opening act, he'll sing."

"Sing!" said the manager. "I thought I hired a couple of acrobats! People don't come to a carnival to listen to singers."

"Sure!" said Nick. "That's just it. A singing acrobat—something new! Sensational! The people'll love it. You'll see! Just try it."

The manager was unenthusiastic: "He

better sing good, know what I mean?"

At the first performance, Burt came out alone and, through a megaphone, boomed "Old Man River." The people loved it.

Afterward, they saw the manager again.

"Well?" said Nick. "Satisfied?"

"O.K.," said the manager. "The song stays in . . . And, son—that really is a voice you got. Imagine—an acrobat who can sing! I got to admit, you surprised me."

"Ah," said Nick, "you don't know my partner. This boy's got hidden talents. Here you see what's going to be a great man."

"Baloney," said Burt.

But Nick was certain. He still is. And maybe he should be, at that. Whenever a fellow who might so easily have been a bum becomes a guy like Lancaster, who's to say that greatness isn't there? Nick won't, for sure.

THE END

NOW I'LL TALK!

(Continued from page 30)

whole arrangement. . . . After a while, being weary from jumping up and down to acknowledge each introduction, I went over to a convenient couch in the room, kicked off my shoes and lay down, trying to think of some way to tell these nice people I wouldn't be needing them. Then one of them came over, sat on the couch beside me and touched my limp brow with a cool hand.

Looking up, I was overjoyed to regard Anita Colby, on the Selznick roster at the time, and the sight of that enchanted face simply changed the subject.

I did, however, manage to thank the assembly, and tell them that it would be safer not to plan, but to just stick around a few years and see what happened, a suggestion which surely spared them all a good deal of later embarrassment.

Some time afterward, I again wrestled with a plan in attempting to set my economic house in order. I entrusted my fate to a highly-recommended "expert" on those affairs. But this gentleman apparently was doing a bit of quiet planning of his own, with the result that my little program met with disaster. I believe the state of California has some plans for him.

Now the question of plan arises once more, arousing in me the same caution and thrift of promise, for it begins to appear that no plan at all is better than a plan which fails, so rather than define the course of the future, I shall hark on the lessons of the past and practice a program of "don'ts."

One would think that a background such as mine has been, should be a source of constant enlightenment. Yet, it appears that I have repeatedly gambled my very future and solvency—certainly my comfort and privacy—on a foolish and naive belief in everyone.

That silly impulse shall be most definitely controlled. I've been offering my chin so long that I'm punch drunk, but I must finally admit to having a glass jaw.

There shall be no more stories or statements credited or attributed to me unless actually made or written by me.

During my sojourn at Sheriff Biscailuz's home for wayward boys, numerous accounts of my past and present activities found their way into print. Several writers did stories on me using material copied from my probation application. These were published and howled through the streets of the world as "Robert Mitchum's Life Story."

Things such as these are unfair and distasteful and it makes me appear a bit silly to have stolen my own material. Be-

sides that, I can use the money myself.

As to domestic plans, these are surely of no interest to anyone other than my wife, my children and myself. We must find ourselves a suitable house and the means to acquire it, and I do plan to take the kids fishing. Dorothy and I have never been nightclub-goers, we are the couple least seen at parties, and it surprised no one that Atwater Kent ignored us in his will—so there is no necessity for planning to "slow down" our lives.

My motion picture plans are the concern of my employer, and my most excellent agents, although I shall be more definite in my opinions and suggestions in the future.

I plan to improve my golf game so that Pat Knowles won't jeer at me, and to spend more time with people. People are more fun than almost anyone, and it recently occurred to me when I cast about for friends, that most of these friends turned out to be people.

My recent chastisement by the staunch burghers of society illustrated to me that even in jail there are people.

As a matter of fact, recalling their missteps at treading on the tight wire of propriety, I am amazed that almost all people aren't in jail.

Being strictly a "hard-way" guy all my life, I have come to relish the hard way as a worthy challenge. Not that I advocate the road of total experience—if you can learn the lessons of "don'ts" at mammy's knee, then by all means attend that school. But before I should become an "I-told-you-so-er," it behooves me to suggest that youngsters take note of each deliberate misstep, and see how clearly retribution defines it as a *mistake!*

The (a) "I-told-you-so-ers" were the first ones to go from my book, and the (b) "too bad, kid, you got a rotten dealers" are the next.

These are not people, they are (a) moralists and (b) moral opportunists, both of whom feed on people as fair game.

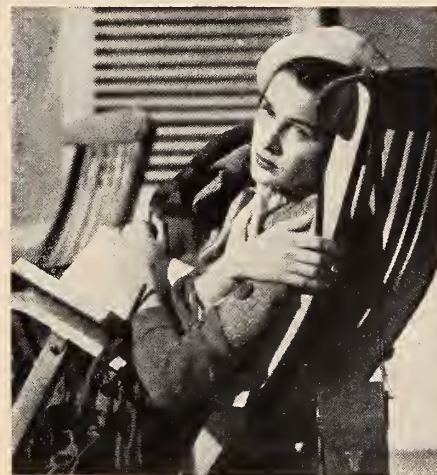
I plan to be mighty elusive game. I plan to discover for myself whether I am worth my salt as an actor and, if so, plan to be paid for it. Not in box-car salaries, but in responsibilities, opportunities and authority.

If my abilities are truly mediocre, then I plan to afford a way out, that I might preserve my honesty.

In truth, I plan to live my own life, as progressively, as productively as possible, allowing enough time to appreciate what already has befallen me, and to hope for what the future may bring.

THE END

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 55)

passing, and then—another adieu. Finally, after the Liberation, I went to England to make a picture—and this separation, the first one which we could have avoided, we hoped would be the last. When I returned to Paris, in March, 1945, we were married.

What a cold, dreary day that was for such a heavenly occasion! There was a bleak, chill rain falling as we drove to the Mayor's office where the ceremony was to be performed. But, as I reasoned with Quique, how could there be sunshine outside when surely the world's supply was bottled up and overflowing in my own heart?

And Quique was radiant, too. The most beautiful bride ever dreamed of! She wore a gown that was silver gray and a little gray hat whose soft coque feather curled downward, touching her cheek. On the way to the registry, we stopped at a flower stand and found some white violets that she pinned at her waist. Until we stood there hand-in-hand before the magistrate, I had never quite realized how petite she is. Her chin just reaches my shoulder. Perhaps it was the sound of her given name, as our friend the Mayor pronounced it, so frighteningly dignified—Berthe Frederique—that made her seem so tiny by comparison. Berthe Frederique, indeed! "Quique" suits her much better.

After the ceremony, Quique's parents were hosts at a small reception for our relatives and a few friends. We had no honeymoon. It wasn't an era of honeymoons or holidays. We could have gone to the south of France for a few days, but we chose instead to postpone our wedding trip until happier times.

Quique teases me about that. "We came to America on our honeymoon," she tells people, "but on separate airplanes." As a matter of fact, it was almost a year later that I came to Hollywood, and it is true that Quique was delayed another month before her visa was ready. I could not wait for her, as I had promised to start work on a certain date.

Quique taunts me, too, about our reunion at the Los Angeles Airport when she arrived. Every woman who alighted and came toward the gate, I would scan anxiously, looking for my Quique... so intently that I finally worked my way out onto the field and in my excited search, passed her without even seeing her! I could hardly believe my ears when I heard her voice calling my name. Somehow this reunion was different than ever before... as though it were a finale to all those goodbyes and now we would never really be apart again. This was the honeymoon we'd had to postpone—and now it would never end.

And what a perfect spot for a honeymoon was our small Santa Monica apart-

ment overlooking the magnificent panorama of the blue Pacific! Quique was thrilled by the lush, colorful beauty of California, as I knew she would be, and in those first weeks, when I could get away from the studio, we were undoubtedly the two most excitedly happy honeymooners who ever "did" Hollywood. Weekends we would just lie on the beach in the warm, friendly sun or go for long drives up the coast as far as Santa Barbara or south to Laguna. Or we'd explore the city of Los Angeles from the Santa Monica pier to the old picturesque Mission Church far downtown.

Quique, who is naturally shy, would go into a panic akin to stage fright when faced with any kind of conversation with a stranger in those early months. Her knowledge of English was limited to "hello" and "goodbye." Just recently, we ran into Rex Harrison at a cocktail party. He and Quique were chatting, Quique very animatedly, when she reminded him of a previous meeting, shortly after her arrival.

"Don't you remember?" Quique asked him. "We sat next to each other at dinner."

"Of course," Rex replied, with a puzzled look. "Now I remember! But what was the matter with you? I remember talking a blue streak, trying my best to make conversation, but you would just smile politely and look at me as though I were talking Chinese."

"Well, you might just as well have been," Quique admitted, "because I had no idea of what you were saying. I didn't know a word of English."

her burning passion...

We have had many good laughs over Quique's English—her old English, I should say—because her present output is better than mine, really. And she can also beat me at gin rummy, which I can take or leave alone but for which Quique has a burning passion. One evening when some friends had dropped in and we had been playing "gin," David Selznick was teasing her about her fondness for the game. "Quique," he chided, "I think you would rather play gin rummy than play a love scene with that romantic movie star, Louis Jourdan."

But did Quique deny the accusation vehemently? She did not. Quique just laughed. The more I think about it, the more I think I should demand from her a definite "yes" or "no" on this momentous question. However, I do believe she loves me a little better than gin rummy. At least she has known me longer.

Quique's willingness to give up family and home and loved ones to come to a strange land with me told me that she loved me a great deal. And I pray that I will never fail her trust in me. There have been times, surely, when she has been lonely and homesick. But she never mentions a word of this. And when I come home from the studio, she is vivacious and tender and interested in how the day went for me. Me, I am not always so considerate. If I am blue or discouraged or tired, I'm afraid I look to Quique to cheer me out of it.

We are very close in spirit, Quique and I. We have shared much happiness, we dream many plans, we have shared sorrow and disappointments. In this love of ours, we have found a magic formula that makes the happiness greater for having shared it, the dreams brighter and the disappointments easier to bear. **THE END**

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GODDESS IN SHADOW

(Continued from page 65)

They were confident that Miss Bergman was as good as their build-up.

Their confidence was not misplaced. The reporters were unable to find any cracks at all in the shining armor. Then one editor, feeling that the man he'd assigned was simply too susceptible to some new brand of feminine charm, sent out a woman long familiar with the Hollywood scene to do the job.

After talking to nearly everybody who'd had any contact with Miss Bergman—about 300 people—the writer arranged to meet the subject of her proposed article. "Tell me, Miss Bergman," she asked, "don't you have any faults?"

"Of course, I do," Ingrid replied.

"And what are they?" The writer poised her pencil eagerly.

"I won't tell you," the actress replied with a jolly laugh. "They're dark, secret vices!"

Afterward, the writer wrote the editor: "What are you going to do with a woman like that? Everybody says nothing but nice things about her. And now, darned if I'm not completely for her, too. My illusions are sort of restored." And then she went into a long paean of praise.

Ingrid has generally been more popular with men than with women. Yet even women have had, up to now, a hard time finding real grounds for criticism. But they've tried.

"You've got to hand it to her," one female cynic has said. "She manages to make all her faults appear to be virtues. For instance, she doesn't know the word 'stingy' exists. She's replaced it with 'thrifty.' Look how she sent an old friend a bottle of cheap champagne and a single aspirin tablet for his birthday—with a note saying she hoped his celebration would be so festive he'd need the aspirin the next morning. Thoughtful, wasn't it? Clever, wasn't it? But think what she saved!"

A studio secretary exclaimed dazedly not long ago. "The goddess is human after all!" She'd just overheard Miss Bergman express herself with a few minor cuss-words after looking at some photographs which had been retouched.

"No, darling," the secretary's companion said, "she's still all goddess. She just can't conceive that someone might want to improve on her face."

"She was absolutely right," a photographer defended hotly. "Take out one line and you spoil the characterization she's trying to convey."

The cuss-words were unusual. So unusual that some people have accused her of being a prude: "Yoghurt every evening before she goes to bed. Quantities of milk. Never says anything naughty. The goodest girl in Sunday School, she is," has been heard. However, the truth is that in addition to all this, Ingrid Bergman has always enjoyed a cocktail or a glass of champagne or two. And since learning to smoke for *Arch of Triumph*, she smokes regularly.

However, there's been something about her that's made everyone mind his manners in her presence. One widely-syndicated columnist noted for his brash approach visited Hollywood, asked to meet her and told the person taking him to be introduced, "Brother, let me warn you—I'm going to tell her a dirty story or two. She can't be as pure as everyone says she is." But when he met her, he became as tongue-tied and awed as any young lad first discovering love.

divine inspiration . . .

During the war years, all studio visitors were restricted to men in uniform. Ingrid Bergman was among those actors and actresses who were never too busy to meet them. Many of these men were on a long-deserved holiday—and full of the spirit of it, too. There was more than one who would call any actor or actress by first name, then proceed to make some crack. Few if any of them were intimidated by pre-knowledge of Ingrid Bergman's position in screen entertainment. But in her presence, somehow, they became as well-behaved as little boys in church.

The crew itself is vastly different on a Bergman set than on that of any other actress. Usually free-and-easy, they become, while working with her, men more cleanly shaved, neater in attire, and circumspect in language.

None of her leading men has ever had a word to say against her. When one columnist intimated that Cary Grant had fallen in love with her, Cary and the other men in the cast and crew sent the columnist a note which read, "Of course, we're in love with Ingrid Bergman. All of us."

Yet the one inescapable rumor any married actress must endure sooner or later, is that she's divorcing her husband. Ingrid, until the current field day in the press, had suffered perhaps less of this sort of thing than almost any other celebrity. However, divorce gossip did arise during the period when Dr. Lindstrom was far away in New York State studying at the University of Rochester. It was quickly stilled when he came to complete his studies at the Los Angeles County General Hospital—where later he became resident head of neurosurgery.

One doctor there said recently, "Dr. Lindstrom has gone further in his profession than his wife has in hers. But he's publicity-shy. And how sensible this is! Let one word of his achievements get out and the newspapers would make a three-ring circus of it because of her. That would be bad for him professionally—and probably domestically. As it is, the Lind-

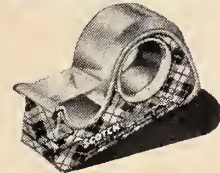


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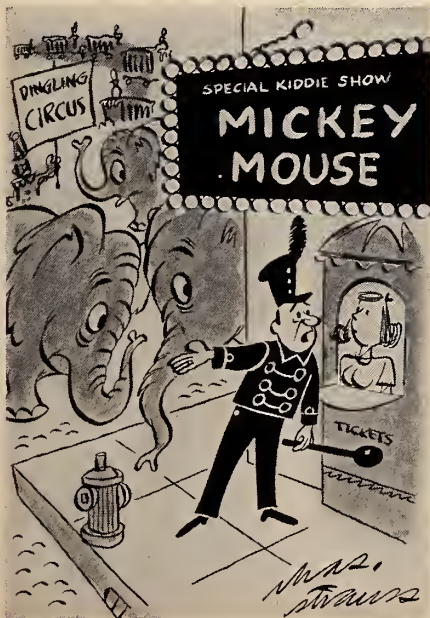
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stroms are about the happiest and best-adjusted couple I know."

Would he say that of them now?

Ingrid Bergman has said time and time again: "Of all I have to be grateful for, I am most grateful to my husband for giving me freedom to pursue my profession. Without his complete sympathy, encouragement and understanding, I should never have been able to achieve both personal and professional happiness."

"But if she weren't in love with Rossellini," the Hollywood raised-eyebrow set has been asking as a clincher, "why didn't she stay right here and make a movie for a lot more money?"

One answer to that might be that she was deeply disappointed when *Joan of Arc* failed to bring her an Academy Award. Beyond that doubtful possibility, there exists an explanation that is much more probable:

By this time, the thrifty Miss Bergman is pretty well free of financial worry, so money isn't as important to her now as a fresh artistic challenge. For a long time, she had deeply admired from afar the filmmaking genius of Roberto Rossellini. A few months ago, she wrote him, "If you can find a small part in one of your new productions for a little Swedish girl by the name of Bergman, she is ready for it." Soon he came to her in Hollywood, on fire about a picture idea. He described it as a film in which everybody but one girl would speak Italian, French or German. The girl would speak English. "I want to prove," he said, "that a good love story, like love itself, knows no language barriers. People say I'm crazy, that it can't be done. But with you as the girl—I know it can!"

opportunity knocks again . . .

After many long conferences, with Dr. Lindstrom beside her to ask surgically precise questions of the challenger, she decided to accept the part. Once again Dr. Lindstrom had said—as he said long ago when Selznick wanted her to leave Sweden for Hollywood—"If you want to grow in your profession, this is a chance you can't afford to miss."

It may be that Ingrid's great professional admiration for Rossellini has deepened into an emotional involvement. But she has shown a great deal of demonstrative enthusiasm for several other men with whom she's worked—for David Lewis, producer of *Arch of Triumph*; for David Selznick; for Alfred Hitchcock; for Cary Grant—and in every case, it's been nothing more than professional.

Possibly the same could hold true of her attitude toward Rossellini.

Finally, there's an explanation that, while cynical, does indeed seem to have a good deal of logic to support it. The entire Bergman-Rossellini "romance" may have started as a deliberate publicity device—which then got wildly out of hand.

Millions were poured into Bergman's *Arch of Triumph*. Up to now, it's been a dismal flop at the box-office. Aside from any intrinsic shortcomings in the film, there is one major reason for its failure to attract the customers: In it, Bergman played a very shady lady indeed, a character completely at variance with the sweet and wholesome Ingrid the public has come to idolize. A large number of Ingrid's faithful followers were shocked and disturbed. They didn't like it a bit, and said so. Since word-of-mouth advertising is still the most important publicity a film can get, *Arch of Triumph* became a commercial dud. Mainly because of the financial beating taken on this, the producers, Enterprise Productions, folded. Ingrid, who was reported to have signed to make the picture for 35 percent of

the profits, has, ¹/₃—case, not realized a penny.

Obviously, things might have been vastly different if Ingrid's appearance in *Arch* hadn't seemed to the people to be such glaring mis-casting. Could it be that an effort was therefore made to demonstrate that perhaps Bergman isn't entirely the saint she's seemed—that she should be just as acceptable playing lurid parts as any other actress who actually possesses a few garden-variety frailties?

If this idea were successfully implanted, *Arch* still might be salvaged.

Besides, in Ingrid's new Hitchcock film, *Under Capricorn*, she plays a dipsomaniac who sinks to degradation. Coming on the heels of *Joan of Arc*, Ingrid in this might be even more disturbing to the public than she was in *Arch*. So here might well be a further powerful consideration in deciding it would be sensible to allow the fans to view the real-life Ingrid in a less angelic light.

If the affair had been engineered by publicists, it is quite conceivable that Ingrid herself didn't realize it. It is not unheard-of for press agents to place a star in some situation that promises publicity without the star's really knowing what is afoot. Then, when he or she honestly tries to cope with the situation, the whole phony arrangement seems the more plausible.

Thus, if rumors of a romantic attachment were judiciously planted at the time Rossellini first approached Ingrid, everything that thereafter developed in the normal course of events would have served to make the fabrication convincing. If Ingrid and Rossellini had categorically denied the gossip, the speculation would still have continued through the mere fact of their working closely together. And their refusal to comment, even if springing from a sincere conviction that by so doing they were refraining from dignifying the rumors, added considerably to the flames.

Obviously, whether or not the whole thing was started as a publicity scheme, Ingrid and Rossellini may have come to have a sincere affection for each other.

At this time, after surveying all known and theoretical aspects of the matter, it is impossible to reach any firm conclusion as to where the reality lies.

Time will tell. In the meantime, speculation goes on apace concerning one of the most surprising stories ever to come out of the film world.

THE END



Ingrid Bergman, director Rossellini and (right) Mario Vitale—the fisherman who's her new leading man—on location of *Stromboli*, Italy.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER

(Continued from page 62)

she added. "I'm not interested in marriage. I'm interested in skating."

Fade-out Sonja Henie!

Fade-in Janet Gaynor!

Up until the advent of Linda Christian, Ty has usually preferred the company of women older than he. Highly intelligent, he has found himself attuned to their likes, their standards, their settled ways.

Janet Gaynor was eight years older than Ty when they began going with each other. She had known success for many years, and possessed wealth and charm and beauty. Power, newly come upon fame, found her maturity, her sharp intellect, completely irresistible. But only for a short while. For six months, however, he courted her exclusively. There was for him no other woman in the world. (Power always has been a one-woman-at-a-time practitioner.)

Naturally, the wedding bells were prematurely rung by the columnists. As they were rung more frequently, Ty began seeing less and less of Miss Gaynor. Finally, he broke off, and Janet married Gilbert Adrian, the dress-designer—just as, 10 years later, Lana Turner was destined to marry Bob Topping.

what romance? . . .

When Miss Gaynor was asked why her companionship with Ty had failed to ripen into matrimony, she told reporters that Ty had never discussed the subject, that their romance was merely a dream conjured up by the newspapers. Through it all, Ty held his tongue.

Fade-out Janet Gaynor!

Fade-in Norma Shearer!

Norma was nine years older than Ty. She had lost her husband, Irving Thalberg, in the 1930's. She was extremely wealthy, extremely talented, extremely anything good you want to think of.

Ty phoned for dates. Lonely, knowing that despite death, life must go on, Norma decided to accept the young man's invitations. They became a well-known combination. When people began discussing them in terms of matrimony, Mr. Power stopped concentrating on Miss Shearer and started concentrating on his career.

When she was asked what had caused the break in their romance, Miss Shearer evinced surprise. "What romance?" There had never been any romance between her and Mr. Power.

As usual, Ty said nothing.

The only times he has talked about any woman, he has talked about his two wives, Annabella and Linda.

In 1939, Ty frankly told the press that he would marry Annabella as soon as they could get a Papal dispensation. It wasn't forthcoming, but Ty married Annabella anyway. She gave her age as 26. He said he was 25. For three years Ty and Annabella lived together as man and wife. On August 24, 1942, Ty enlisted in the Marines as a private. Four years later, he was released as a senior lieutenant in naval aviation.

He tried to take up his marriage where he'd left off, but apparently something was wrong. Either he'd outgrown Annabella or Annabella had outgrown him.

According to papers filed by Annabella in the California Superior Court, Ty told his wife six months after he left the service that "he was no longer inclined to accept the responsibilities of marriage." He was leaving home.

Fade-out Annabella. Fade-in Lana Turner and Linda Christian.

It was while Ty was going with Lana that he met Linda. Few people realized that there was any fondness between these two until Linda suddenly showed up in Rome while Ty was there on his round-the-world trip.

It then became apparent to those in the know that Ty would drop Lana as soon as he hit the States and substitute Linda for her.

No one, however, expected the dark-haired Lothario to marry the Mexican girl. All Hollywood underrated Linda—largely because Hollywood didn't know her and has never really known Tyrone.

Many persons thought they knew Power, thought they knew all about the women he liked—the older women, the charmers, the sophisticates. Some of them had predicted that he would never marry Turner because she wasn't sufficiently mature and worldly. They were right.

These same prophets imagined that they could predict correctly about Linda Christian. They were wrong.

She knew from the start that she would marry Tyrone, and she so told the Countess Van Horne, one of those continental dowagers who introduce attractive young girls around town. Through the Countess, Linda met the Hollywood upper crust.

What made Linda so confident about capturing Ty, especially when some pretty nifty predecessors had failed, she alone knows, and at the moment, she isn't telling.

We do know, though, that of all the women Power had gone with previously, Linda was the only one who was willing to give up her career for marriage. There are some who say that she didn't have much of a career to give up, that she'd been put in a Tarzan picture largely through the intervention of Bo Roos, a Hollywood business manager, and that she had done precious little acting—but such catty comments don't alter the fact. And the fact is that Linda does not want a career. She wants a husband, a home, and five kids.

womanly-wise . . .

If Lana had wanted such domesticity, if Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, and the others had wanted the same thing, perhaps Ty might have married one of them.

The undeniable fact, however, is that Linda was the first girl Ty had ever gone with who was willing to renounce everything for that gold band on the second finger. In addition, she was loaded with characteristics he admired. She was a linguist, she was better educated than he (there is no part of the world in which she doesn't feel at home), she made no great demands for riches, wealth, or ostentation.

She also ran into Ty at the right strategic time. A man who has been married once is almost dead-certain to get married again. Over the years he becomes accustomed to a woman around the house, and he misses a hostess and all the feminine niceties that come with a wife.

Moreover, Linda knew what traits appealed to Ty and, being equipped with these, she brought them to the fore.

Linda is the seventh woman of any importance in the love-life of Tyrone Power. She told her 18-year-old sister, Ariadna, who was her bridesmaid, "No matter what people say, I will be his best and last."

If anyone can speak with authority on the matter, the womanly-wise and beautiful Linda is clearly the one to do so.

THE END

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THE QUEEN SAYS "NUTS!"

(Continued from page 46)

somewhat floored by the lady's remarks, themselves tell with great enthusiasm of their encounters with the Stanwyck tongue.

Earl Wilson, the syndicated self-styled "saloon editor," reports his experience as being the beginning of a beautiful friendship with her. This started several years ago when Robert Taylor was in New York on a mission for the Navy. Missy—as Barbara's known to friends—wanted to have all the hours the Navy left her of her wartime Lieutenant, so she was there with him. When people came to interview Bob, Barbara would duck, holding that it was a sound idea not to intrude. So it came about that after Earl had gone up to the hotel to see Bob, he reported in his column, he hadn't met the Lieutenant's attractive wife. He said, a shade bitterly, that when he'd inquired after her he'd been told she was in the bath. His further comments angered the lady's pals. When they wanted to do something about it, she bade them lay off. "It'll be okay," she promised.

Shortly afterwards, she and Bob were in the Stork Club. Earl tried to get their attention, but failed. When Earl marched up to challenge, Bob honestly explained he hadn't seen him. Missy, however, turned on Wilson and said, "I'm the one who saw you—and didn't speak to you."

choice words . . .

Right there the friendship started. Barbara even writes guest columns for Earl when he goes on vacation. It was Earl who had the temerity to urge her to see her ex-husband, Frank Fay, with the invisible rabbit in the play *Harvey*. Not being one who stomachs the Hollywood bromide of couples remaining friends forever, after a divorce, Barbara came back with a retort that was gleefully reported by Earl. "No, thank you. I saw all the rabbits Fay had to offer years ago."

This direct attitude of hers is nothing new. At the age of 13, she lied about her age (a practice she scorns today) to get a job with the telephone company. Some talent scout for the company knew a good speaking voice when he heard it and cast Ruby Stevens—as Barbara was named then—in the complaint department. There she served as a shock-absorber for disgruntled patrons until one particularly querulous woman suddenly heard the patient, impersonal voice of the telephone company break into sharp Brooklynesse: "Nobody talks to me that way, lady! Keep your blank-blank shirt on." Plus a few more well-chosen words.

Of course, the woman didn't take this calmly. So Ruby Stevens was shoved out of earning her keep with a telephone until years later when, known as Barbara Stanwyck, she scored in *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

Back when her name was first changed from Ruby Stevens, she confused her unsuspecting but experienced family. They went to see their Ruby make her debut as an actress in the Broadway opening of *The Noose*. Settled in their seats, they looked over the program. There was no Ruby Stevens billed. With one united sigh, they arose and left before the curtain went up, saying, "She probably shot off her mouth and got fired again."

There are those who say that Willard Mack, director of *The Noose*, furthered the lady's determination to say "Nuts!" when she felt the occasion called for it. She has stated many times, "Mr. Mack threw the corn out of all of us. He used to say that if we couldn't come on stage without screwing up our faces or beating our hands

in the air, we could just make the next exit permanent."

One of Hollywood's top directors got a permanent exit from Barbara's life when he made the mistake of bawling out her stand-in—who couldn't answer back. Her ferocious loyalty to those who work with her but don't share in the acclaim, provided particular inspiration for remarks to that director of which only her concluding line can be printed. "I'll never work with you again!" And she never has, despite the fact that one picture offered her, with him as director, was one she longed to make; and despite the fact that she generally believes everyone must do his job regardless of personal feelings.

That latter belief makes her mighty quick to bat sulkers down. Joel McCrea tells of being lent to Warners to play opposite her as leading man. His only picture experience then consisted of two juvenile roles in Will Rogers' films. His first excitement over his elevation died rapidly when, as the son of a wealthy father, portrayed by the late distinguished and suave C. Aubrey Smith, he found himself hardly noticeable in the picture. He seethed while, in most scenes, only the back of his head or an angle of his broad shoulders was photographed. The climax came when he was given the same business by the still photographers getting pictures for advertising purposes. He started to walk away, saying angrily, "You don't need the back of my head to get everybody else's faces."

Barbara called out, "Listen, slug—for the son of C. Aubrey Smith, your manners aren't very good!"

Recalling the incident recently, on the set of *South of St. Louis*, Joel said, "She really gave me the works. I knew she was right. When I cooled down and apologized, she was wonderful to me. She went to infinite pains to help me. I've made four pictures with her since. She's never lost that quality. Not long ago, I was so impressed by her realism in a scene that I forgot to say my lines. Was she flattered when I explained? She exploded, 'Blank-blank it! Must you spoil a good scene?'"

While she's a great one to go all-out to help new talent, she isn't intimidated by any "Be Kind to Newcomers" propaganda.

MODERN SCREEN



"I'm tying shoelaces together—what are you doing?"

While Bob Taylor was in the Navy, she was pursued at a party by a young leading man who hoped to get a role in her next picture. He was so obviously certain the way to get it was to conduct a flirtation, that when he finally backed her into a corner, she competently disposed of him by asking, "What is this, the mating season?"

Nor is she to be intimidated by the star-chasing hoodlums who spend their days recklessly pursuing celebrities in foul ways or fair. Once when she was staying on the 25th floor of the Waldorf in New York, there was a terrific racket at her door. When she opened it, a dozen or so boisterous, demanding boys started to stampede through. With a strength born of determination and with no apology, she pushed them right back. One complained bitterly, "Say, we walked up 25 flights to get your autograph!"

"Did anybody invite you?" she asked blandly. The door was locked behind them.

She blames Bob Taylor entirely for attracting fans. She says they never recognize her unless she's with him.

"Oh, once I was recognized," she'll admit. "I was having dinner without Bob at the Vine Street Derby. Chelios, the maitre d', asked me if I'd go through the kitchen when I left. He said someone had spotted me and a mob of fans had gathered outside to wait for me and the officer on the beat was afraid of a disturbance. I was never so impressed in my life. So, the one time I was recognized without Taylor along, I got shown out the kitchen door!"

Soothing compliments are met with that same "Nuts!" attitude. Someone recently told her she had such beautiful blonde hair. "Blonde, my eye!" she retorted. "Don't you know silver gray when you see it?"

Another person, just before the latest Academy Awards, pointed out that, after three previous times up and no Oscar yet, she should have this year's Award for *Sorry Wrong Number*. "Huh!" she answered. "Olivia de Havilland should have it for *The Snake Pit*. I hope she does—nobody can be jealous of a great talent like hers. It's something you have to respect. Sentiment shouldn't enter into it."

In case anyone suspects she was guilty of a bit of an Alphonse-Gaston act herself, he should have heard her when she failed to win the Award a few years back for her fine work in *Stella Dallas*. "I really thought I'd get it. My heart's blood was in it," she said simply. In that era of sweetness and light on the part of the loser, her words came as a shock.

As did her remark to a big businessman recently. She was at the home of some non-professional friends when the tycoon

happened to drop in. She was telling about a personal experience in a big store which had just opened in Los Angeles. He tried to impress her with his business acumen by making involved predictions concerning the store's future. She kept moving away from him, but he kept following. Having at long last unlimbered himself with a barrage of boring facts, figures and opinions to back up his predictions he said, "Now that I've told you all this, have you come to any conclusion?"

She ignored him at first, trying to avoid creating a situation. But he raised his voice and repeated, "I said, have you come to any conclusion?"

"Yes," she answered. Then, creating the impression she had gone to the top of a grand staircase for her pronouncement, she said, "The conclusion of this conversation." And she departed for home.

While she never tells stories of how she's squelched someone, she's quick to tell of others' ability to do so. She has two current favorites. One was delivered by Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband. He'd treated Mrs. William Paley, one of the late Dr. Harvey Cushing's beautiful daughters and recently acclaimed the year's best-dressed woman, for a minor throat ailment. That evening at a party, a gushing woman said, "Oh! Dr. Pressman! Wasn't it exciting to treat the best-dressed woman in the world?"

"I was under the impression I was treating the daughter of the world's greatest brain specialist," he said softly.

The other one is on herself. While at Slapsie Maxie's one night to see Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis perform, she was invited to dance by Jerry Lewis. An enthusiastic jitterbugger, she was no more than two minutes on the dance floor when he threw her arms off him and said, "I won't dance unless you let me lead."

Well, that's the lady who says "Nuts!" Not long ago, she was in the office of her personal press representative, Helen Ferguson. Helen and her staff keep a pot of coffee going all the time. Barbara was offered some and took a couple of swallows before she left.

A couple of hours later, a magnificent, fool-proof coffee maker was delivered to Miss Ferguson. Accompanying it was a note which read:

Dear Helen: If you use this you won't be serving poison.

Missy

P. S. Rude, ain't she?

"But magnificently so, magnificently so," her friends, many of whom are converted critics, remind you. THE END

MY DAZE—BY RONALD REAGAN

(Continued from page 37)

30 hours straight—and my body finally agreed with my mind that we were on a new schedule. I slept like a log all night, and never had any more trouble.

I'd gone to London last November to play the role of Yank in *The Hasty Heart*. (The script described him as being "in his early thirties, more wholesome than handsome, with a manner more relaxed than lazy." "Type casting," my friends had grinned.) I'd never been outside the U. S. before in my life and when I found myself jogging along in one of those famous London cabs on my way from the station to the Savoy Hotel, I felt a little uncertain about this Yank's reaction to England. As I peered out into the blanket-like fog I was already a little homesick. I wondered if I were going to feel that way throughout the four months I'd be there.

Within a minute of registering at the hotel desk I had my answer. I had just put down the pen after signing my name when a girl's voice called, "Ronnie!"

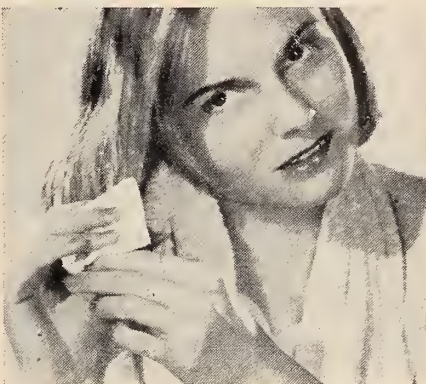
I turned—and there stood Elizabeth Taylor and her mother. In London to make *The Conspirator*, they too were staying at the Savoy.

"We just got a big food package from home, full of roast beef," Elizabeth said, "and you are hereby invited to join us at dinner!"

So that night we three Hollywoodites sat in the Savoy's dining room having Hollywood roast beef, especially prepared by the chef. Homesick, indeed! I told the Taylors what I could of the West Coast, and they told me news of the other Hollywoodites in London. I heard about Cary Grant's yellow jaundice, and about other

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fellow-guests at the Savoy—Robert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, Virginia Mayo, Michael O'Shea, Howard Hawks, and director Henry Hathaway and his wife. Quite an American Club!

After dinner, I went calling on Ann Sheridan, who was ill with pleurisy in the same hotel. I was armed with clippings from home, magazines, and as much news as I could remember (I'm not very good on gossip). I found most of the London Hollywoodites at her bedside—then and the other times I saw her. It was impossible for any of us to see Cary Grant in his flat; his type of yellow jaundice was contagious.

That was my introduction to faraway London. As time went on, however, our work schedule prevented us from seeing very much of each other. (Besides, as I've said, the first three days I was struggling along in a daze of insomnia. What a relief it was to have *that fog lift!*)

But even so, I felt right at home working on the picture. For one thing, although everyone in the picture was British except Patricia Neal, director Vincent Sherman and myself, I was dressed just as I always seem to be in American movies. Yep, I was wearing a U.S. Army uniform! There's no doubt about it—studios have kept me in uniform longer than the Army did.) The British crew was just as friendly as an American one, and far more curious. The set soon had what was called "The Reagan Corner," and I became an answering service for hundreds of questions. Mainly, they wanted to know three things about us: our weather, our food, and the life in Hollywood. Really, the only strangeness I found in making a British picture boiled down to one thing: after a couple of months away from the California sun, my face became so pale that I had to wear a suntan make-up—breaking my record of never having worn any make-up at all. Otherwise, making my 38th picture was a lot like making the first 37.

hi-ya, queen . . .

My social life was, however, very different and extremely limited. I got up at 6 A.M., rode out to the studio in the suburbs of London, and worked all day. At night, I never got back to the hotel before 8 P.M., and generally (like the other Hollywood actors) I'd have dinner in my room, fall into bed, study my lines and go to sleep.

Once, though, I had the climax of all British social experiences—at a Command Performance, I met the Royal Family. I'm sorry to say I acted like a typical Yank! In spite of all my preparation in court etiquette, I forgot all the "Your Majesties" and just blurted out, "How do you do?" to the Queen. She was as charming about it as if she, too, had grown up in Illinois.

I got a huge kick out of going to the European continent, after the picture was finished. With Arthur Abeles (he's the London head of Warners) and his wife, I went to Monte Carlo. But after only two days there, I got the sad news that I'd have to rush back to London for re-takes on the picture. So I boarded a French train alone—wondering how my high-school French would serve me during the overnight trip to Paris. Well, if I do say so, I did myself proud! I'm still surprised about it. As in all French trains, I was not alone in my compartment; my partner was a pleasant French businessman. I forced out a few French sentences, and soon we were getting on so well that he asked me to lunch in Paris the next day, at the Rotarian Club! I did equally well with two other Frenchmen in the dining car.

I suppose one reason that the whole trip seemed to me amazingly homelike was because of incidents like this one: I ate the one meal I had time for in Paris, alone, in a restaurant. I sat down at a table, ordered, and then heard an American voice say, "Hello, there." I looked up to see a strange American couple at a nearby table. I nodded hello, although I didn't know them at all. Then I heard the man murmur to his wife, "I swear I know that fellow—but I just can't think of his name!" Throughout the meal he tried to place me; he still hadn't when I left.

By the time I landed in New York in March, I was so homesick for California I didn't bother to stay long. I allowed 24 hours for New York, dining with my agent and his wife at their home—and falling asleep at the dinner table! (I was back at my old can't-adjust-to-the-time tricks.)

As I write this, I'm rushing back to Hollywood. You know what I want most, after these months away? I want gallons of orange juice, and I want to get the darkest suntan in California. I'd like to regain the weight I lost in England, too. (How much I lost I don't know, but I sure look scrawny!) But mainly, I want to get back on the busy end of a posthole digger. I was building new paddock fences around my Valley ranch all last summer—and I can't wait to finish what I started. This will mean working in the sun for hours every day, and eating meals with my ranch-partner Nino Pipitone and his family.

I'm making only one stop-over on my way to those paddock fences. I'll be in Washington, D.C., for a few hours because I'm lucky enough to have an appointment with President Truman—not alone, however; I'm on a Hollywood committee. I'm representing the Screen Actors' Guild, and there will be representatives from Hollywood labor groups at the meeting. But it's a great way for an American to return from a trip abroad—to shake hands with the President on his way home.

Now, there are two final questions I'd like to answer. Everyone asks me, "Didn't you have any heavy dates in London? Don't you expect to have some heavy romance in Hollywood?" My answer to the first is that I didn't, and to the second, that I don't. But I do own several horses, and they're all mares!

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ After *Broadway Serenade*, many people said the story closely resembled the case of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. But Ginger and Lew reaffirm that there are no sentimental reasons for staving off their divorce, just purely sensible ones. For one thing, they are economically better off on account of community property and, for another, they feel that staying married to each other is a safeguard against making any more marital mistakes.—October 1939 *Modern Screen*

MYTHS STARS BELIEVE ABOUT THEMSELVES

(Continued from page 36)

their trapezes to something solid or they fly off into space. Orson Welles still rises grandly above mere matters of money and business. As a result, he's chronically busted. He's so wrapped up in his Olympian robes he pays no one else or their feelings any mind. Once during the war Orson staged a big Bond rally in Texas, with the Secretary of the Treasury, and half of Hollywood's biggest stars, lined up to put over the show. The stars rehearsed for days, then when the program came on, Orson talked so much himself that half of them never got a chance to peep into the mike!

Orson's genius is still there beneath the lordly legend he's been living for years. He's just delivered a terrific performance as Borgia in Ty Power's picture, *Prince of Foxes*. But he can't lose his Superman mantle. Ever since Laurence Olivier scored so brilliantly in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Orson's been going to outdo him or bust. He's busted once—when he made a *Macbeth* so weird it may never be released. He's going to tackle *Othello* this summer and Heaven knows what out-of-the-world twist he'll tack on that.

rattle-dazzle . . .

Only the other day Orson wanted some Hollywood stars to come over and do a picture with him in Paris. They have Orson's number by now; they cabled back, "For how long and for how much?" He answered them airily, rising above these mundane matters, "Paris is beautiful in the spring." Sure it is, but I don't see how the Man from Mars can observe that from way up where he perches beyond the clouds. I do wish he'd come down to earth!

Now, I'm certainly not against the stars kidding themselves if it doesn't hurt their careers and if—particularly if—it tints Hollywood with some dash and color. As far as I'm concerned, characters like Errol Flynn and Victor Mature can go ahead and stage all the rattle-dazzles they want so long as nobody is really injured.

Errol rode into Hollywood on a fabulous fiction of derring-do which set the stage for all the swashbuckling parts he's played since—and maybe for the life he's lived since, too. Being Irish and blessed with a vivid imagination, Errol had everyone who quizzed him drop-jawed with blood-curdling tales—tales starring E. Flynn as the hero, of course—even before his first Hollywood movie came out. It's true enough that young Flynn had sailed around the South Seas a bit, adventured here and there in New Guinea, Tasmania and a few wild and woolly parts. But how Errol ever lived through those death-defying ordeals he used to spin out by the yard without being a nine-lived cat, it's hard to figure.

To hear Errol tell it—and he could always tell it—if a head-hunter wasn't after his handsome profile, a crocodile had designs on steak à la Flynn. He was either wrestling a python in the jungle or shinning up a waterspout in a South Sea typhoon. The Perils of Pauline had nothing on Flynn and after a session with the boy you couldn't wait until next time to see what death-defying yarn he'd come up with. Sometimes he'd get his facts a little mixed, and when you'd call him he'd grin disarmingly and wiggle out with a slick excuse—or maybe a new chapter.

Once, Errol showed up with a patched noggin which, he explained, was the result of racing his speedy motor dashingly but

too fast. The "auto accident," in that case, was actually champagne that his French wife, Lili Damita, applied—still bottled—to Errol's scalp during one of their love spats. But who cares about facts where Errol Flynn is concerned? He's got the dash, charm and personality to carry the act and I, for one, hope he never drops it. And I wouldn't be surprised if that fanciful mind of his doesn't believe his own gay tongue, anyway. Other day I was asking him about the picture he wants to produce and star in, too, *The Great Buccaneer*.

"It's the kind of thing I'm perfect for, Hedda," said the Flynn. "A pirate, in a sense, a sort of nautical Robin Hood. He steals from the rich and gives to the poor."

"I suppose," I mentioned, "you know all about pirates."

"As a matter of fact," brightened Errol, going right into stride, "once sailing the South Seas—did I ever tell you . . . ?" he started.

"Yes, Errol," I told him, "you did. But I can't wait for the new, 1949 version."

Victor Mature, after he ran around in fur rugs like an antediluvian Tarzan in *One Million B.C.*, began pulling his famous "gorgeous hunk of man" act with a vengeance. He lived in a tent, you know, he surrounded himself with huge dogs, he let his hair wave in the breeze, he never covered, when possible, the whiskers on his chest. And—it certainly was no secret that Mister Mature was a devil with the women. He would flaunt his florid affairs to be sure they didn't bloom unseen. With a couple of Hollywood publicity pals, the Mature campaign kept in high gear right up until he joined the Coast Guard and took time out to fight a war.

the doghouse . . .

There were society girls swooning at studio gates and stage doors and lovely ladies sneaking pass keys to his hotel rooms and what-all. Vic beamed Rita Hayworth around, before and between her battles with Orson, and their sweet secrets were an open book; Vic obligingly turned the pages when anyone inquired. The walls of his studio dressing room (which he called "the doghouse") were black with scrawled telephone numbers of bundles for Victor. (He called a painter frantically, I remember, the day before he got married and hustled him to that dressing room, pointed to the numbers. "For Pete's sake," urged Vic, "paint those out right away, will you?")

Vic revelled in such critical snorts as "the overripe Romeo" and "hunk of man." And his lusty lover legend paid off. Well, Vic may believe his own theme yell of "Wolf, wolf"—but I don't. Do you know where he shines—really shines? Not as Don Juan with golden keys to milady's boudoir. But as a family man, supreme, thoroughly domesticated and loving his role of foster dad. (I think he's even stopped kidding himself by now.)

Speaking of Victor Mature recalls the beautiful gal who's just finished playing Delilah to his Samson for Cecil B. De Mille. Hedy Lamarr, of course. I'm not sure how much of that glamor gush Hedy herself believed when she got the age-old Hollywood vamp build-up. Maybe that siren role in *Algiers* did turn her head a little. At least, after meeting Charles Boyer in the Casbah, Hedy had a stretch of fancying herself quite an actress and MGM had trouble from then on getting her to take direction and to play the parts they wanted her to. But that was pro-

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fessional. In person, Hedy remained what she is—a beautiful and simple girl. The earthy things are Hedy's dish—not the silks and satins and emeralds, in spite of the Lamarr legend. She's a born mama and housewife and the great tragedy in her life is that she hasn't made a happy marriage.

When she was expecting her last baby, she used to come to see me wheeling her first born in a heavy carriage five long blocks and then lifting the buggy up my steps alone before I could help her. "You'll hurt yourself that way," I scolded her more than once. "It's good for me," she'd reply. "I am—what you say?"—the pioneer woman type."

Joan Crawford has lived her Hollywood legend to the hilt. The legend, that is, of the Perfect Movie Star in Person. Crawford makes headlines day in and out, whether it's a romance, a robbery or just a dog fight—as when her pooch tangled with Lady Mendl's in the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

culture vulture . . .

Joan adores her fans and all the adulation that goes with her Hollywood fame. Years ago Joan set out to be the Hollywood spotlight star and she's succeeded. By now her star act is natural and she's written Hollywood history, both on the screen and off. But there are a few Crawford acts that don't ring as true—except to Joan herself. I think when she's in their grip, though, she can even hypnotize herself enough to believe 'em.

There was Joan's Culture period—the Poetry one where she dallied with the Muse. And I'm sure Joan herself was certain, when she was in her Musical fable's throes, that she was headed right for La Scala or the Met. She studied voice for years and warbled at the drop of a suggestion.

Joan went through the Little Theater madness, too. She built one right in her garden when she was married to Franchot Tone, and was going to turn Broadway upside down one of these days. One of them. She never did—but you can't blame a gal for trying anything—singing, acting, writing, painting or praying—except when she makes such a production of it.

Joan Crawford's trouble is that she overdoes what she does; for instance, her celebrity collecting which she works at overtime. The last time Noel Coward came to Hollywood, Joan took over Le Papillon and sent wires to almost everyone inside the city limits. "Please come to a party to meet my great friend Noel Coward," she invited. Bea Lillie happened to be here at the time, a lady who really is a great friend of Noel's. She replied, "Thanks so veddy much, but I've already met Noel."

Another Joan—Joan Fontaine—had another sort of trouble. Hers was a "little sister" bugaboo, the stubborn conviction that Olivia de Havilland's screen success had relegated her dimly to a position in the shade. She was quite hipped on it when she first broke into pictures herself—to the extent of changing her name, writing a contract forbidding publicity linking her with Olivia, feuding with her good-natured sis and even going after her beaux. (Joan's first husband Brian Aherne squired Livvy around before Joan took him away and married him.) That competitive chimera was very real to Joan. It damaged her health and disposition, but who knows—maybe it was also the spur which made her the fine actress she is today. At least, it was cured for keeps the day Joan captured her Oscar for *Suspicion* and at last stood on equal footing with Big Sister Olivia. There's not a more poised, happy, gay and charming lady in Hollywood now

than Joan.

I've been mighty pleased to see Frank Sinatra drop his chip-on-shoulder act and stop challenging everybody who criticizes him. Frankie, who fancies his fistic talents and even sponsors prizefighters now and then, socked one newspaper columnist and had to pay off—not only in money but bad publicity. He chose another who double-dared him right back in print—and maybe that cured him. Anyway, Frankie's not mad at anyone now, is packing no pistols and I hope he has shaken that "Go on, hit me," chip he lugged around so long. (He did get on the front pages again recently by socking someone at a party, but that was a minor skirmish, quickly forgotten.)

Now there are, of course, many fine examples of stars who've never succumbed to the temptation of taking their legends seriously. Shirley Temple certainly grew out of her Girl Goddess legend gracefully, keeping her curly top screwed on sensibly. . . . Clark Gable's been called "King" for years by all his friends, but he's never draped any purple robes around his psyche or imagined a cardboard crown on his head—and in my book, Clark is Garbo's mate as the male all-time Hollywood great. . . . Robert Taylor licked that "Beautiful Bob" fable which added him up as a panty-waist by doing everything manly in his private life to disprove it—flying, fighting, racing, ranching, and taking on adult responsibilities. . . . I've been pretty proud of Marlene Dietrich, too, ever since she chuckled over that cold, aloof, beauty badge of hers when all the time she was a warm-hearted girl dying to meet the people. When she finally did, she became a true heroine, the greatest one-star morale builder to come out of wartime Hollywood, rivalled only by Hopalong Hope. And it's the shame of Hollywood that there aren't more of the right kind of jobs for a woman like that. . . . Another 18-karat character, Ann Sheridan, lived through that sexy "Oomph" ballyhoo without turning a hair on her level red head. . . . Right now, the sexiest girl in Hollywood—if you believe her sizzling stills—is Jane Russell. Well, Jane has laughed at her sexy fable since it began. Her favorite book is not a love romance but the Good Book. She is quietly and happily married and spends a large part of her time and money doing good deeds.

let's be sensible . . .

And look at the steady stars—Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Ronald Colman, Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers—who go on year in and year out playing a passel of assorted parts, but leaving their false faces on the set and their publicity in the papers, where they both belong.

Success, security and serenity in Hollywood demand an iron-clad sense of humor and a healthy helping, too, of common sense—besides a law of living that old Will Shakespeare penned in a play of his 300 years ago. That particular play was good enough this year to top the best Hollywood could offer—and a lot of our fabulous stars in our fabulous town could do worse than soak up his words of wisdom in *Hamlet*:

"This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

I could say it myself—a lot shorter but not nearly as pretty. Just, "Be yourself, kids!"

THE END



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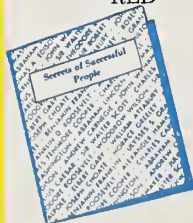


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